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**EDITORIAL  
OPINION:****WILLKIE AT  
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# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

OCTOBER 30, 1943

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## WHO'S WHO

BENJAMIN L. MASSE turns from the dictionary to the living world to distinguish between the liberal and the gliberal, and appeals to all men of good will to find common ground for true social justice in this confusing age. Father Masse is an Associate Editor of AMERICA. . . . TIBOR PAYZS, Doctor of Jurisprudence and International Law from the University of Budapest, who has had first-hand experience of international organization through his connection with the Geneva Labor Office, analyzes the nature of political parties and the basic principles they would probably represent in a world federation. Dr. Payzs now teaches Political Science at Loyola, Chicago. . . . ORLANDO A. BATTISTA, research chemist of the American Viscose Corporation, Wilmington, Del., and contributor to many magazines, including the *Saturday Evening Post*, has a word of comfort for those who may have bought deep sea water for building lots. There's gold in them thar billows—and Flying Fortresses. . . . Rt. Rev. Msgr. JULIUS W. HAUN contributes the concluding chapter in his appeal to the college to return to its true function before the humanities are engulfed by the technical. Part I of the discussion appeared in last week's issue. . . . JOHN LAFARGE, who attended the national Rural Life Conference recently held in Milwaukee, discusses the problems of human and soil erosion considered by the delegates. Father LaFarge reports on measures now in effect, or planned, to meet a growing menace to American life—and food. . . . KATHERINE BRÉGY, author and lecturer, follows her recent appraisal of Robert Frost with this week's estimate of Edna St. Vincent Millay's status. "Progressive paganization" would about sum up her pilgrim's regress.

# COMMENT ON THE WEEK

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**Wage Troubles.** While the War Labor Board, aided and sustained by Fred M. Vinson, Director of Economic Stabilization, strove desperately to sit on the lid of our roaring war economy, powerful forces were moving last week to generate an explosion. Bitterly disappointed in a decision by Mr. Vinson, setting aside a wage increase of eight cents an hour granted by an emergency board, leaders of 1,000,000 non-operating railroad employees were reported preparing plans for issuing strike ballots under the Smith-Connally Act. Similar dissatisfaction is rife among more than 350,000 operating employees, and these, too, are talking strike. There is the still unsettled case of the coal-mine workers whose growing restlessness resulted last week in serious, if shortlived, strikes in Indiana and Alabama. Key men in Washington are waiting anxiously to see whether the War Labor Board will approve the wage agreement negotiated by Mr. Lewis with the Illinois operators. Now that Fuel Coordinator Ickes has returned the mines to their owners, the miners, contrary to their traditional practice, are working without a contract—but none too enthusiastically. Meanwhile, Government officials and Army and Navy chiefs remember the October 31 deadline set by the United Mine Workers' Executive Board when the Government took over the mines last summer. No one knows for sure whether the miners, if they do not have a contract by that date, will refuse "to trespass on the owners' properties," although a strike at this time would gravely endanger the war effort and the health of millions of our people.

**Wages and Inflation.** While the cases of the railroad workers and the coal miners are by no means similar, they have in common a determined attempt to break the "Little Steel" formula, which permits a wage increase of fifteen per cent over the level of January 1, 1941 to cover the rise in living costs from that date to May, 1942. Theoretically, this increase should maintain the purchasing power of labor, since Congress soon after ordered consumers' prices to be stabilized as they existed in September, 1942. But from September, 1942, to May of this year, the cost of living has advanced, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, slightly more than six per cent. (The real figure is probably higher, as any housewife can testify.) Hence the squeeze on labor, and the resultant pressure on the Director of Economic Stabilization and the War Labor Board. It is a most difficult problem and there is no easy solution to it. One way out—and the Administration, under Congressional mandate, has chosen it—would be to roll back prices to the September, 1942, level, but this cannot be done without subsidies, which the powerful farm bloc opposes. On the other hand, if general wage in-

creases are granted to one industry, other groups will demand the same treatment. In that event, the farm bloc will cry for still higher prices on agricultural products and the deadly inflationary spiral will climb and climb. Regardless of how the wage demands of the miners and railroad workers are adjusted, Congress must make up its mind whether it wants the line against inflation held or not. If it does, it must become reconciled to subsidies, to stabilizing farm prices and, in some cases, to rolling them back.

**Mr. Welles and the Postwar World.** Running through Sumner Welles' speech before the Foreign Policy Association on October 16 was the note of courage and confidence. It is easy to be cynical, easier still to be despairing about the possibilities of postwar organization and collaboration among the nations; but neither cynicism nor despair will ever move us one step towards a solution of our problems. Mr. Welles laid down "security" as the irreducible minimum which the United States (like every other nation) must achieve as a result of this war—security from unjust attack, security in our democratic freedoms, security in the pursuit of the happiness and prosperity of our people. This is not the place for an examination of Mr. Welles' tentative blueprints for a better world—though they show maturity of thought and a judgment well balanced between idealism and the exigencies of the present situation. He called for a clear recognition of fundamental human rights and an abandoning of mutual recriminations and suspicions as essentials to any progress in stabilizing peace. He pointed out that America could not be truly prosperous if the rest of the world were impoverished; and he urged Americans to throw off the "inferiority complex" and take the place of leadership which their democratic achievement and moral prestige among the nations invite them to occupy.

**Senate Resolution.** Meanwhile the subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee kept at its task of slowly grinding out an acceptable resolution on international collaboration. The final draft was approved by the Committee, 20-2; and the Senate cleared the way for it on the calendar. A stiff debate is expected on the floor. After reiterating our determination to achieve victory and "a just and honorable peace," the resolution reads:

That the United States, acting through its constitutional processes, join with free and sovereign nations in the establishment and maintenance of international authority with power to prevent aggression and to preserve the peace of the world.

There is plenty of room for debate here. What kind of "power," for instance, is required to prevent aggression and to preserve peace? The resolution is studiously vague; it has, after all, to face de-



terminated opposition, and seems to have been streamlined to avoid friction. It is noteworthy that the Catholic, Jewish and Protestant leaders who, after months of studying hundreds of plans, hammered out their recent Declaration, thought it necessary to be more explicit. The Senate's resolution lends itself to a League-of-Nations interpretation, with all the weaknesses of the old League. The reference to "sovereign nations" sounds like a concession to the new war-cry of former isolationists. It is, however, susceptible of a stronger interpretation which would be more in accord with the Declaration of the spiritual leaders of so many millions of Americans.

**Wallace on Rail Monopoly.** On the evening of October 20, the ghosts of Jay Gould and Daniel Drew, of Huntington and Stanford, of that whole buccaneering crew who exploited the railroads, tucked Federal judges in their vest pockets and damned the public, came vividly to life again as Vice President Wallace recalled memories of the Granger laws of the Eighteen Seventies. Speaking over a national hook-up from Dallas, Tex., he accused the nation's railroads of fixing non-competitive rates and fostering a transportation monopoly. He strode into the midst of the bitter controversy over freight differentials and charged that rate-fixing bodies were discriminating against the South and West and trying to keep them in a colonial status. "Packing houses in Chicago," he asserted, "have been able to ship fresh beef to Birmingham, Ala., at a lower rate than packers located at Fort Worth, Tex." He gave similar instances of discrimination which recalled conditions in the Eighteen Seventies when "it was cheaper for merchants of Rochester, N. Y., to ship their goods to Chicago via New York City, or for Pittsburgh merchants to ship their goods to Philadelphia via Cincinnati, than by the direct, non-competitive route." Since he did not believe that transportation methods had "yet reached that state of static perfection which lends itself either to monopoly control or Government ownership," Mr. Wallace called upon the Congress to guard the country against a transportation monopoly by stripping private bureaus of their rate-fixing powers and by ensuring conditions under which new forms of transportation could be competitively developed. John J. Pelley, President of the Association of American Railroads immediately accused Mr. Wallace of echoing "old and discredited statements." The whole business may well be headed for a Congressional investigation.

**Italian Unity.** The United Nations are pinning their hopes of Italian unity on two men, Carlo Sforza and Pietro Badoglio. Both are Italians; neither is Fascist. One, though a known enemy of Fascism, remained in Italy all through the Fascist domination. The other, because of his hatred of the Fascist regime, has spent the last sixteen years of his life in exile. One was in Rome to strike the last blow at tottering Fascism and replace its leader. The other, above all Italian exiles, has won the confidence of United Nations' leaders. Both have called

for Italian unity and rallied around them Italians of many differing political creeds. One is a soldier by choice and training, a statesman through necessity. The other is a statesman by choice and training and opportunity. Both have renounced personal political ambitions. They disagree on many things; on two they are in perfect accord: the immediate need of unity to accomplish the primary task of driving the Nazis out of Italy; and confidence in the ability of the Italian people to build a new, free, democratic Italy on the wreck that Fascism has made of Italy.

**Sforza.** Count Carlo Sforza is an unusual man. Sixteen years an exile from Fascism, he still does not seem to have become a professional exile. He thinks with a mind that is distinctively Italian. The darling, over a long period, of the "Liberals," he still talks sense. With all that he has said in the past it may not be easy to agree, but in the present crisis he seems to be rising to the stature of statesmanship. Though he has little use for the present Royal Family of Italy, he sees the importance for Italy and for the Allies of an Italian people united behind the King and Badoglio. Politics, he seems to think, is an issue that must be solved in Italy by the Italian people themselves, when the Nazis shall have been driven out. Beyond Italian unity, he is statesman enough to hope for a Latin unity, primarily of Italy and France, then of Italy and France and Spain and Portugal. It is a natural unity and perhaps the first essential step toward the unity of Europe. The cultures of these nations, their traditions, their philosophy, their religion are fundamentally one. Their ancient rivalries are so old as to be forgotten or at least forgettable; their modern enmity so artificial as to be swept away in a changing regime. Only their natural sympathies remain deep-rooted; so that for them the road to unity should be a relatively easy one.

**Badoglio.** Marshal Pietro Badoglio, too, is an unusual man. In some ways he is the Litvinov of Italy. Like Litvinov he has disappeared from the public scene for extended periods, only to reappear at crucial moments. Nor have his disappearances ever erased his memory from the public mind. Rather they have thrown a certain whispering glamor about his reputation. He has been the man in the wings, his presence unseen by the audience but definitely felt. Whenever an actor has faltered, the audience looked to the wings with an expectant "Now!" When the Blackshirts first marched into Rome, Badoglio begged to be allowed to drive them out with all speed. His petition was refused. The Duce entered. Badoglio retired. Openly hostile to Fascism, he was never liquidated. When the Italian campaign in Ethiopia was floundering, even the Duce turned to the wings, and called Badoglio on to the stage to save the situation. He did so, and again retired, but never too far. More than once he made a sudden appearance on the Piazza Venezia while the Duce was orating, effectively embarrassing the Duce by drawing from him the attention and



plaudits of the crowd. He opposed Italy's entry into the war. Several times in the past few years he has been reported exiled, imprisoned, escaped, killed; yet when the Duce stumbled for the last time, Badoglio leapt from the wings to give him the final push, and then take over. The Italians are uniting behind him. They seem to trust him and rely upon him. He is too old to be politically ambitious. He might long since have been leading a leisurely life in exile. Until and unless events prove otherwise, we must presume that he has at heart only the interests of the Italian people.

**Interest in Canon Law.** In the days before the United States Navy took over the administration of Guam, that Pacific island lived happily under the system of the Church's Canon Law. With the impetus first given by Pope Pius X in his codification of Canon Law, appreciation of its practical significance is growing in the legal and even the political world. It is safe prediction to say that the lectures to be given on Canon Law in forty-three dioceses this winter, by members of the Canon Law Society of America, will prove popular beyond all ordinary expectations. The program is sponsored by the Faculty of the School of Canon Law at the Catholic University of America. As typical of the plan, the Guild of Catholic Lawyers in New York City will provide a set of seven lectures, beginning October 25, to be delivered in the auditorium of the Bar Association of the City of New York. Lawyers and judges of all denominations have been invited to attend the lectures, which will cover such topics as: The General Norms of Canon Law; Persons and Juridical Personalities in C. L.; "Things" (*res*) in Canon Law; Marriage, Divorce and Annulments; The Judiciary Department of the Church; Crimes and Punishments.

**Holy Cross, 1843-1943.** On November 2, friends of the venerable institution will felicitate Holy Cross College, Worcester, Massachusetts, on the centenary of its founding. A hundred years ago on this day classes were formally opened for the twelve students who were the nucleus of a new venture in Catholic education. Bishop Fenwick had a double aim in founding Holy Cross: to make it a nursery of priestly vocations for the diocesan and religious ranks, and to train up a strong, stalwart, loyal Catholic laity. Surely the record speaks for itself. Twenty-two of the sons of Holy Cross have been raised to the purple. Today, priestly alumni are laboring in fifty dioceses scattered throughout the world, representing fifteen per cent of her living alumni. Holy Cross has been generous to Country as well as to God. The incomplete record of Holy Cross men in the present war shows that there are 2,466 alumni in the services. In the last war twenty-four Crusaders were killed in action or died in service, while 1,717 were in some active branch of the armed forces. Due to war conditions there will be no formal celebration of the centenary, no worthy recital of the century of joys and sorrows. But we hope that that tale will be told when times are better.

## UNDERSCORINGS

FURTHER Nazi interference in religious affairs has been reported by KAP, Polish Catholic News Agency. A new decree, governing the baptism of children of Polish workers occupied in German factories and farms, orders that the Sacrament of Baptism can be administered only by German priests, without the use of the Polish language. ▶ The recent identical statement on world peace, issued by prominent Catholic, Protestant and Jewish religious leaders, was endorsed by the Protestant Episcopal General Convention meeting in Cleveland.

▶ A sign affirming the neutral and sovereign status of Vatican City under the Lateran Treaty has been posted on the city gate near Saint Anna's Church by Camillo Serafini, Governor of the Vatican. The notice is countersigned by the military commandant of Rome, says a Stockholm report wirelessly to *Religious News Service*.

▶ The solution of the rural problem calls for the cooperation of Catholics and non-Catholics working harmoniously with Government agencies, delegates to the four-day meeting of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference at Milwaukee were told by Executive Secretary Msgr. Luigi Ligutti.

▶ What gave the Los Angeles *Daily News* a "nervous breakdown" and caused them to drop Ted LeBerthon and his popular column, appears to be the fact that he championed morals and religion's lessons on justice to our neighbor. "The difference between a secular newspaper and a Catholic newspaper," he writes in the Los Angeles *Tidings*, "is the vast difference between shadow and substance." ▶ A mysterious telephone call whose source has not been discovered saved the life of the Rev. Arthur S. Holmes, vice-president of the English College, Lisbon. About to take off from Lisbon in the party which included Leslie Howard, noted English actor, a message was given to him to report at either the British Embassy or the Papal Nunciature. Neither office, however, had any knowledge of the call. Father Holmes was still trying to unravel the puzzle when news arrived that the plane on which he was to have been a passenger, had crashed.

▶ Sgt. Observer James A. Lang, R.A.F., killed in a bombing raid on Hamburg, had offered his life for the conversion of England, according to N.C. W.C. In one of his last letters he had written: "From now on I shall be in constant danger of my life. Pray for me. I have inwardly offered my whole task, cost what it may, for the conversion of England." In connection with the heroism of English Catholics in the present war, a recent compilation has revealed that nine Catholics have been awarded the Victoria Cross, Great Britain's highest honor. ▶ At Fayetteville, N. C., forty-nine business firms joined in sponsoring a full-page advertisement in the local newspaper urging the public to help defray the cost of public-school religious education. ▶ A National Catholic Book Week, sponsored by the Catholic Library Association, will be observed November 7 to 13. The observance will be keyed to the slogan: "Books are weapons."

## THE NATION AT WAR

IN the week ending October 19, the Russians have made further progress in clearing the Germans out of their country. In the north, however, their advance was stopped, the gains being in the south.

On the 13th, the Russians broke through a strong defensive system and entered Melitopol. Hard fighting in streets and houses followed, which has continued for a week without either side being able to drive the other out of the town. The Russians also took Zaporozhye, an isolated German post on the east side of the Dnieper.

The main gain has been up the river opposite Kremenchug, which is about one-third of the way from the great power plant at Dniepropetrovsk to Kiev. A very large force of Russians crossed in this sector and appears to be trying to advance southwards. Both sides have had high casualties.

The Russian efforts to cross the Dnieper around Kiev have not succeeded. An attack south of Gomel has crossed the river, but north of that city this was stopped. The Russians say the Germans are now fighting as they never did before this summer, and the advance is slower.

In Italy, the American 5th Army, on October 13, attacked along the Volturno River, where it crosses a twenty-mile-wide plain known as the Campagna on the west coast. The main effort was at the east end on both sides of Capua and farther east in the mountains. To help out, a British force landed from the sea in rear of the Germans at the other end of the line. The Germans fought back savagely and at first drove back the attack. Their tanks entered Capua, and kept on, then made a wide detour back to their former positions.

After five days of murderous battle, the Germans have been driven back for a distance of about three miles beyond the Volturno. The Campagna is low and flat, with little cover to attacking troops. Whether the Germans will fight on or retire to hills about twelve miles away is not yet known.

On the other side of the peninsula, the British 8th Army has made no advance along the Adriatic. Between the two coasts, among the Apennine Mountains, the British have moved forward. The Allies now hold almost a straight line from the Volturno on the west to Termoli on the east coast.

On October 12, Portugal granted the British the use of the Azores Islands for sea and air bases. As an ally of England, the United States will share the new facilities which are to be rushed to completion.

On October 14, American planes bombed Schweinfurt, the site of a roller-bearing plant. The German air defense has greatly improved of late. Our planes were attacked before, during and after the raid. Nevertheless they reached their objectives, and the Germans acknowledge much damage. Unfortunately we lost sixty bombers, according to our reports; twice as many, say German reports.

General MacArthur's forces made a great raid over Rabaul on the 13th; our reports give 177 Jap planes and six large and three small ships destroyed.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

## WASHINGTON FRONT

SINCE the editorial "Congress and Schools" appeared in last week's issue, the Senate debated the proposed measure, Senate bill 637. It will be remembered that this bill provided \$200,000,000 to pay an increase of \$200 to each of the 1,000,000 public-school teachers in the United States, regardless of present salary, and \$100,000,000 as a fund to equalize educational opportunity in the poorer States. This would be spent in fourteen States, mostly in the South.

Senator Taft of Ohio, who led the opposition to the bill, and Senators Maloney and Danaher of Connecticut, who aided him, brought out some facts of permanent interest in this perennial debate on Federal subsidies. Mr. Taft, for instance, showed that his own rich State of Ohio would receive \$2,357,000, and does not need it or want it. The more populous, and as a rule the richer, the State, the more it would receive.

It was pretty obvious that this useless expenditure was not an emergency proposal, as alleged, but a scheme to get the principle of subsidy adopted now, so as to increase actual outlay later. It was useless, for \$200 would not keep teachers from going into war plants, which was the principle of the bill. For that, a billion dollars would hardly suffice.

Mr. Taft held that the principal purpose of equalization should be to raise the status of Negro pupils, and he listed the respective amounts spent in the Southern States on whites and colored. The proportion is about five to one, in favor of the whites. Louisiana, for instance, spends \$61.21 per white pupil and \$12.62 per Negro pupil, and the same ratio holds throughout. He hazarded the guess that it would remain the same after the subsidy.

But the principal argument against the bill was, of course, that stressed by Mr. Taft, and also by Senator Maloney, that this bill, like all the other Federal education bills, would merely introduce the Federal wedge of control into the local schools. The only rebuttal which the Southern Senators had for this was the pious hope that the American people would never stand for that. To this Mr. Taft answered that when the Federal Government allots money to a State, it *should* control the spending of it and impose standards under which it is spent, but that, whatever other need might require this, education should never undergo it.

However, the debate did bring once again to the fore the poverty of many Southern States, as compared to their Northern and Western sisters. This fact was quite generally agreed upon by the opponents of the bill and deplored by them. It is clear enough that this cannot be settled by any educational subsidy, for the real problem lies in a whole series of discriminations and economic disabilities under which the South still labors. No palliative will abolish these. One of our most pressing post-war problems will be to build up the South.

As expected, the bill was amended and rejected so that even the Southern Senators voted against it. But, of course, it will come up again. It always has.

WILFRID PARSONS



# "LIBERAL"—A POLITICAL WORD IN SEARCH OF A MEANING

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

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EVER so often, some confused soul rises in meeting and wants to know what is a "liberal." And this not in the backward Orient or the obscurantist depths of Africa, but in twentieth-century America where the *Nation* and *New Republic* make a brave appearance every week and Professor Max Lerner and Elsa Maxwell pontificate in the daily press.

The truth is that there is good reason for doubt and confusion as to what makes a liberal tick. No matter how you go about the business of identifying *homo liberalis*, it is hard to put him in a pigeon-hole and keep him there. Even the dictionary, which ought to answer such a question with conciseness and finality, obfuscates rather than enlightens the curious seeker. My Funk and Wagnalls says that the adjective *liberal* means "possessing or manifesting a free and generous heart"; "appropriate or fitting for a broad and enlightened mind"; "free from narrowness, bigotry, or bondage to authority or creed, as in religion"; "inclined to democratic or republican ideas, as opposed to monarchical or aristocratic, as in politics."

It is immediately evident that none of these definitions is satisfactory. Indeed, taken together, they present some interesting contradictions. Thus Saint Peter Claver, who loved Negro slaves and gave his life for them, had a "free and generous heart," if ever a man had one, but he was not free from "bondage to authority or creed, as in religion." Plato and Aristotle, Augustine and Thomas Aquinas had all in a remarkable degree "broad and enlightened minds," but Plato and Aristotle could hardly be called democrats, and Augustine and Thomas were, in the matter of religion, dogmatists. Many contemporary "liberals" profess "democratic or republican ideas," yet see no inconsistency in admiring the Russian Soviet dictatorship—one of the most bloody and illiberal in all history.

The confusion is not dissipated by starting with people instead of definitions. Monsignor John A. Ryan, who has spent a lifetime fighting for the underdog and social justice, is widely held to be a liberal, but Professor G. Salvemini, who has consistently opposed Fascism in his native land, denies this and says that neither Dr. Ryan nor any other Catholic can be a liberal.

Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, is reputed to be a liberal, and so is Sumner Welles, whose recent resignation as Under Secretary of State was a *cause célèbre*. But a part of the press attributed Mr. Welles' exit from the State Department to Mr.

Hull's inability to accept the former's liberalism!

It is said quite generally that the New Dealers, with Mr. Roosevelt at their head, are all liberals, but Dr. Henry Wriston recently wrote a book to show the falsity of this general persuasion. Indeed, the Republicans who met at Mackinac Island early in September accused New Dealers of being Fascists!

The *New Republic*, a few weeks ago, hailed Vice President Wallace's recognition of the "economic preconditions to a secure peace" in his Chicago speech as an example of true liberal insight, but, in the same issue, charged that the Vatican, which has been saying the same thing for years, has been Fascist all along and is only now preparing to change sides because "the Church rarely continues very long in the mistake of betting on a dying horse."

There seems to be as much confusion over who are and who are not liberals as there is over definitions. The only thing which is clear is that people who claim to be liberals or are said to be liberals cannot all be liberals, unless the fundamental principle of liberalism is to have no principles whatsoever. But that won't do either, because only the other day Professor Salvemini, who openly admits to being a great living authority on this difficult question, wrote that people "who understand all principles but have none and are always prepared to agree with whoever disagrees with them . . . are not 'genuine' but brainless, spineless and cowardly pseudo-liberals."

So then, according to the master, there are "liberals" and "pseudo-liberals," the latter being persons "who understand all principles without having any of their own," and the former being just the opposite, i.e. persons who don't understand all principles and have a few of their own.

But really Professor Salvemini does not help matters much by distinguishing in this way. If we compare his pontifical pronouncements with the dictionary definition, we arrive at the perplexing conclusion that a liberal, since he is a person who has some principles and disagrees with others, has a narrow and obscurantist mind; whereas a pseudo-liberal, who understands all principles and agrees with everybody else, has a broad and enlightened one! A perusal of Funk and Wagnalls alone might, therefore, be said to beget confusion. With a little of Professor Salvemini mixed in, the product is confusion worse confounded.

The proper way, no doubt, to get to the heart of all this obscurity would be to examine the question of liberalism philosophically, historically, theologically and, if I may coin a barbarous word, social-scientifically. That would involve, though, exhaustive delving into the learned works of Carleton Hayes, who has written brilliantly of the birth and development of liberalism in his *Political and Social History of Europe*, in *A Generation of Materialism*, and elsewhere. It would mean consulting the *Syllabus* of Pius IX and the numerous commentaries thereon. It would demand hours with the philosophers, with books like Jacques Maritain's *Three Reformers* and *Ransoming the Time*, not to mention the whole tribe of political economists and social scientists.

Even if I had the aptitude for such a scholarly job—a dubious proposition—I cannot now beg or steal the time for it. Anyhow, it would be a bootless task, because the very people I should like to entice into reading this piece would be repelled by it. Generally speaking, their colossal ignorance of the history of Christendom, especially of the Middle Ages, is matched only by their sublime and incredible innocence of the rudiments of scholastic philosophy and Catholic dogma. And so I must stay on those lower levels where journalists earn their daily bread by writing significantly about *omne scibile*.

Well, who are the liberals?

Clearly, the answer to that depends on your definition of liberalism, and in this matter, as we have seen, it is a case of *quot homines, tot sententiae*—as many opinions as heads. But should you ask me who consider themselves to be the liberals, the very cream of the crop, the strictly orthodox, the real McCoy, then I can give you an answer of sorts. By close observation of the species, I find the professional liberal has many or all of the following characteristics:

1. He is apt to confuse liberty and license.
2. He is inclined to think that whatever is new is therefore true and progressive.
3. He is almost always a radical evolutionist.
4. He is, philosophically speaking, a relativist, which means that he is also an intellectual maverick "wandering on the vast ranges of the world of journalism, politics and ideas," an ethical acrobat, especially on sex matters, a religious rebel and, as regards law, a juridical positivist.
5. He is an extreme individualist, but not without leanings toward collectivism, and lately he has taken to talking about "democratic totalitarianism." Since the Popular Front days of the 1930's, which came to a farcical end when Stalin signed a pact with Hitler in August, 1939, he has, however, been cool toward American Communists.
6. He dismisses the supernatural as superstition and is always and everywhere anti-Catholic. He does not mind Protestants provided they deny Christ's Divinity and favor divorce and birth control. Some liberal non-Catholic clergymen he admits to full membership.
7. He is cleverly articulate and can float a committee against this or that, with appropriate pub-

licity, more quickly than it takes to tell about it.

8. He has a laudable and zealous sympathy for persecuted minorities—except, of course, Christian or Catholic minorities—and a blazing, though not quite universal, thirst for justice.

9. He bravely attacks political and economic reactionaries and champions the workingman. On many occasions, he has deserved well of the country by exposing the machinations of vested interests and fighting for salutary economic and social reforms. I find myself, on some of these questions, closer to him than to some of my well-to-do co-religionists, for he is closer than they to Papal social teaching.

10. He believes in human dignity and the brotherhood of man, but on what grounds he cannot for the life of him say.

That is the professional liberal as I see him. In the final analysis, his tragedy lies, it seems to me, in a double denial: a denial of man's capacity to achieve absolute, objective truth; and of God's capacity to speak, in a clear, unmistakable way, to man. I call this a tragedy for two reasons.

The first is that the hatred the liberal feels for dogmatic Christianity, and his fear of it, are largely the result of ignorance. If you were to tell him that most of what is good and progressive and elevating in his liberal thought derives from the Christian traditions of European civilization, and that all that is bad and destructive and contradictory in his thinking comes from the polluted channels through which he has received his heritage, he would smile pityingly at you. Indeed, he wouldn't know what you were talking about.

As a direct result of this ignorance, those who believe in human dignity and social justice are today sharply divided, when they should be standing stoutly together against the return of the barbarian. At the very time when liberal weeklies are recklessly talking about a fictitious Rome-Madrid-Washington Axis and excoriating "clerical fascists," the Pope is practically a prisoner of the Nazis and the German High Command is announcing that "the ideological abyss separating the two powers [i.e. the Vatican and the Third Reich] of course will continue to exist." The tragedy of it—and the folly, too!

In the second place, the liberal's false principles, especially his corrosive relativism and juridical positivism, are sapping the Christian basis of our democracy and preparing the way for dictatorship. Literally, he is fighting Nazism abroad and paving the road for some native Hitler at home. For once you destroy the belief in absolute truth, together with the unchanging moral basis of law, you have no defense against the Hegels and Hitlers who teach that the end justifies the means and say that might makes right. That is, no defense except the same brutal and unreasoning force which your enemy uses.

There is no space here to expand this proposition, or to explain how a denial of the integral Christian position as the basis of liberalism weakens democracy and invites dictatorship. I must content myself with proposing a single text for medita-



tion, one taken from an approved and orthodox liberal source. It appeared in the pages of the French Radical-Socialist paper, *L'Ere Nouvelle*, early in the fall of 1937, and is from the pen of the editor, M. L. Gaboriaud. These are his words:

Whoever is impartial, whether he be believer or unbeliever, Jew, Protestant or Catholic, must acknowledge that as a matter of history, it is Christianity that has brought, after centuries of struggles, the long efforts of antiquity to maturity. It is Christianity that has erected the foundation of the modern world by restoring to the human person, to the individual, his nobility and autonomy, his inviolability, his sacred character; it has suppressed slavery and emancipated the human race. Moreover, the highest and purest notion that has ever ruled over

us and over what remains of our civilization, the notion of grace, comes from the Cross. To this evidence no firm unbeliever will betray his duty by surrendering.

This solid historical fact the professional liberal too often ignores. As he goes about his stupid campaign to discredit the Vatican and the Catholic Church, he would do well to remember that before the birth and spread of Christianity slavery was the normal, accepted basis of civilization. In this connection, it is not without significance that the Nazis, who plan to impose slavery all over Europe, are today everywhere at war with the Catholic Church. Is it not strange that the professional liberal should be, too?

# POLITICS AND PARTIES IN A WORLD PARLIAMENT

TIBOR PAYZS

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THE movement to buttonhole every individual in this country and to have a man-to-man talk on the feasibility, or even the imperative necessity, of a postwar international organization is rapidly gaining ground. The social scientist feels, however, that the proposed plans in many instances will be dismissed as wishful thinking, for they are often out of touch with the realities of life. The reason for this is not that *Realpolitik* and international organization are mutually exclusive, but rather that many of the plans in question tend to ignore completely the most important element of society, the element without which all political life is futile—the human individual.

Political parties, which are merely organized groups of like-minded individuals, are essential to political life. By *like-minded* is meant at least having a common interest. While constitutions set forth the governmental machinery of states, it is political parties that furnish the living flesh and blood of this constitutional skeleton. The events that occurred a few years after the Philadelphia convention of 1787 proved how mistaken Madison and Washington were in their belief that the government of the United States might work without political parties.

In all contemporary states the presence of parties is an evident fact. The number of them, however, varies from one to many. It is understood that the one-party system does not mean a miraculous harmony among all the individuals of the country. It merely means that the government of that country is such as to need complete immunity

from criticism. The two-party system of the United States is conspicuously unique. The multi-party system of pre-Vichy France proved fatal.

Difference of opinion would seem to be part of human nature. If those who agree are organized, we have a political party. The political party in power relies on substantial backing and therefore—or vice versa—has also the power of the purse, the physical power of government, and the means of widespread communication.

Of course, in a country with a considerable amount of freedom, party alignment does not involve absolute allegiance or entire unanimity. We witness this fact frequently in the United States when individual Democrats and Republicans unite to support or oppose a measure.

The problem of postwar collective security and its organization is one which may bring about the dissolving of party ties, or even the emergence of a new two-party system, which might take the form of organized isolationism vs. organized internationalism.

The internationalists, of course, would be those who, like Vice President Wallace, for instance, speak in terms of collective security, international economic interdependence, social insurance, and the various means of benefiting the common man of the shrunken globe. Imperialism in the economic and missionary sense is not yet abandoned. The aims of this school of thought cannot be intelligently put forth without mention of some organization which will serve as a means of introducing the common man into this paradise.

Here, then, we meet with the plans for postwar international organization, which have been proposed in such numbers by contemporary experts. Authors range from Herbert Hoover to Ely Culbertson. The proposals themselves range from insistence upon the necessity of a World Government to the advocacy of faithful adherence to the existing system of international law by the community of nations. The first proposal implies a strong federation of nations with a legislative, executive, and judicial branch; the last-mentioned advocates a somewhat strengthened League of Nations. In almost all of these plans the need for an international police force is explicitly recognized. There is, moreover, a growing conviction that the continuity and success of such international organization must depend on the individual, on the common man.

This latter conviction unquestionably stands to reason. But it also stands to reason that the common man cannot voice his views except through political parties. Political parties originally arose from the recognition of the necessity of organizing the individual according to his political beliefs, as expressed in party programs. This elementary political truth seems to have been overlooked thus far in the plannings and speculations of the saviors. Yet it should be obvious that the battle for an international organization will be lost or won according to the strength and political skill of these new "Federalists" and "Anti-federalists," in a global sense. And if the "Federalists" come out with flying colors, political parties will in the future become more indispensable than ever before.

Whether there will be a strong international federal government, or just a continuous international conference, the men who represent the participating states or regions will be politicians. Their rise to the position of delegates to the international organization will come about through domestic politics, which implies political parties. Although in their political upbringing there will be the influence of a world view, their actual convictions and judgments will still follow party programs.

Material welfare is the primary driving force in modern politics. The desire for material gains turns a nation imperialistic, and makes it adopt the methods of power politics. The establishment of an international organization, on the other hand, presupposes the acceptance of the principle of collective security. Since an honest pursuance of collective security means the end of political imperialism, such differences of views among the political parties of the nation, as for instance, disagreement about possible international alliances, would have to disappear automatically. And of course there would be no such thing as extreme nationalistic or Fascist parties.

The chief differences then remaining between political parties would lie in the divergent social outlook they represented, and in the conflicting social, political and, especially, economic aims of the party members. Employers and employees would naturally tend to be the two main divisions: with such further subdivisions as agriculture, industry, commerce.

The majority of the delegates at the future international organization will be representatives of one or another of the two main groups mentioned. It does not matter whether the political party of which the employee-delegate is a member be called Labor, Socialist, Social-democratic or Democratic. The welfare of employees will be his chief preoccupation. The same principle would hold good of the employer-delegates, the so-called Conservatives or Republicans of their respective countries, the ones defending the employers and vested interests. Whether this would lead to collectivism is a question of great importance.

What we may expect, therefore, at the conference table of the international organization, is cooperation among those individual delegates who have common economic aims, irrespective of nationality. In fact, this may mean the end of nationalism in the political sense of the term. The International Labor Organization, which is functioning at present, has already shown signs of this development. In this organization are represented governments, employers and employees from each country. Solidarity, between employers on one hand and employees on the other, which transcends national boundaries, is significant.

Whether all the delegates from a specific country will be of the same political party or not will depend largely on the internal affairs of the country in question. The majority party will naturally have the strongest representation of delegates in the international organization.

Political developments of this kind may eventually lead to the appearance of world political parties and to a great change of the political face of our earth. Those who advocate a strong and well-knit international organization should welcome such a prospect, for it would lead to a real World Parliament, based on parties instead of on nationalistic blocs.

Before such a system can actually take shape, political activity on a major scale will of course be essential. The organization of international party machinery will be considered as the main objective of those interested in this project. As a stepping-stone toward achieving political majority in the international organization, great importance will be attached to victories at the local polls of each country. For such victories will bring about stronger party representation in the World Parliament. The power of the purse and the power of the word will also be called into action, as happened in various parts of continental Europe and Latin America in the years preceding the war, when Nazi parties came into being with material facilities which were the envy of every party politician.

None of the planners of an international organization should be surprised, therefore, if in the year 1983 (supposing the Lord permits them to live that long) they come upon the following item in their daily newspaper, quoted from the *Congressional Record* of the World Parliament: "Mr. Speaker: I cannot share the view of the Gentleman from China, the excellent member of the Labor party, for it is my belief that, etc. . . ."



# SEA WATER GIVES UP HIDDEN WEALTH

ORLANDO A. BATTISTA

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WE need to examine only a few of the known facts about sea water to appreciate how much of it is at our disposal, how valuable it is in the winning of the war and how important it will be in providing us with a rich source of materials and new industries after victory is won.

For example, the commercial production of that rare element, bromine, from sea water has made possible the practical utilization of improved motor fuels required for the efficient performance of innumerable high-compression pressure engines that keep our armies moving forward on the ground and in the air. Hundreds of thousands of *tons* of magnesium metal are being squeezed out of sea water every year to meet the ever-expanding demands of our colossal aviation industries. Magnesium metal is used for the production of all types of combat- and commercial-aircraft engines, because it is the lightest of all the rigid metals and is only two-thirds as heavy as aluminum.

A tank-car full of sea water would have less than one dollar's worth of gold dissolved in it. That is not very much gold, but there is a tremendous amount of sea water; one cubic mile of sea water contains approximately \$26,000,000 worth of gold, or there is \$7,000,000,000,000,000 worth of gold stored up in the oceans of the world. At the present time it costs close to five times as much to extract gold from sea water as it does to mine it from gold-bearing ores; so this source of gold has no commercial possibilities as yet.

A barrel of sea water contains close to a quarter of a pound of magnesium metal. Chemists may recover more than an ounce of deep red and very corrosive liquid bromine from a little more than 100 gallons of sea water.

It was not until around the middle 1930's that the production of bromine by the ton was made practical. The discovery that lead tetraethyl reduced the rate at which gasoline would burn in high-compression engines, and thereby eliminated "knock," was rather spoiled by the fact that it gave rise to heavy and injurious deposits of lead oxide. Thousands of experiments were required to find a suitable chemical which, in combination with lead tetraethyl, would eliminate "engine knock" completely and satisfactorily. Ethylene dibromide was found to be the best solution to the problem, and it was to manufacture this chemical that scientists turned to the sea for their source of bromine. The present-day method for the production of bromine from sea water has developed as a result of the combined efforts of General Motors Corporation, the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation and the Dow Chemical Company over a period of many years.

There are literally dozens of applications where magnesium metal plays an indispensable role in the production of weapons of victory. Magnesium, for example, forms the basis of incendiary bombs; it burns with a blinding blue-white flame that is not extinguished by water. Common sand is a satisfactory material for smothering incendiary bombs, whereas water, if used directly on an incendiary bomb, would be converted into live steam almost instantaneously by the burning magnesium, which generates tremendous temperatures.

To light up their targets our night bombers rely upon special flash-bombs which utilize magnesium, and reconnaissance planes use flash-bombs for taking night photographs. Magnesium has made possible the tracer bullet for machine-guns and anti-aircraft shells. By itself, and in combination with other metals—particularly aluminum—magnesium is used in almost astronomical quantities in the manufacture of airplane parts and engines. From 1939 to 1941, magnesium production from sea water increased by more than four hundred per cent. In 1941, more than 30,000,000 pounds of this strategic metal were recovered from the sea, and since then production has so increased with the expansion of our aviation industry that in 1943 the anticipated production of magnesium metal from sea water alone runs into hundred of thousands of *tons*.

We may justly feel proud of the prominent role that has been played by American scientists in bringing magnesium production to its present state of development. In 1915, there was relatively little use for magnesium metal, even though the chemists of the Dow Chemical Company had at that time perfected a method for extracting the metal in pure form from sea water. Magnesium sold for about five dollars a pound in those days; but today it may be purchased, with an adequate priority, for around twenty-one cents per pound, and there is every reason to predict that this figure will be appreciably reduced. There is very little danger, also, that we shall run out of our sources of supply. From one cubic mile of sea water we may recover 9,000,000,000 pounds of magnesium metal; and, since there are an estimated 300,000,000 cubic miles of sea water, we are assured of magnesium for a long time to come.

Bromine, and magnesium metal, are helping to win the war for the United Nations in many tangible ways, and they will continue to play an important role after victory is won. Magnesium metal, and magnesium-aluminum alloys, will give certain plastics lively competition. Magnesium will continue to appear in pots and pans, where it has so often been mistaken for aluminum, and in many other kitchen utensils. Furniture, structural materials, automobiles, shovels, low-cost domestic airplanes, and dozens of other peacetime articles will use the strength and lightness of this versatile metal. And bromine will undoubtedly continue to be used for the manufacture of ethylene dibromide, so that our better and more powerful postwar gasoline engines may be completely free from disturbing and injurious "engine knocking."

# THE PLIGHT OF THE LIBERAL ARTS: II

JULIUS W. HAUN

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MOST college departments have in some measure been offenders in the matter of cutting down liberal-arts courses to make way for "practical" teaching. Some examples of this encroachment of the practical on the liberal arts will be in point. The department of Education, for instance, began with Educational Psychology and the History of Education, which are studies in the liberal arts, with intellectual content, philosophical interpretation, and engendered ideal. But the department expanded with professional courses in the practical art of teaching, and we got Methods and Tests and Measurements. The professional educationists soon climbed into the seats of power in the sub-college educational world and wrote their professional requirements into law.

Under such pressure, the colleges very naturally regarded it as necessary, if their arts-educated graduates were to be able to carry their culture to the rising generation in the secondary schools, to give less of the arts and more of professional training, and to do this at the precise point where the arts were coming into sharp focus, at the climax of the collegiate years. The resultant expenditure of time and energy on professional techniques, along with requirements for "teaching majors," spelled the doom, in many of our Catholic colleges, of the full course in Philosophy which, apart from religious education and the training toward virtue of the grace-strengthened will, might be called the *raison d'être* of the Catholic college.

But the havoc did not stop here. When the Normal School became the Teachers' College and began to train teachers for practical-arts subjects in the secondary schools, such as Physical Education and Home Economics, the liberal-arts colleges in some instances went into unwise competition in a field which should have been left to the expanded Normal School; and degree requirements could be partially fulfilled with courses in acrobatics and cookery.

Similarly, the department of Economics found its graduates entering largely into business pursuits, and the immediate urge for practical skills yielded such courses as Office Management and Selling Techniques and a general adaptation of courses to the curriculum of the professional school of business. For women, the liberal arts were thinned out to make way for Secretarial Studies. English majors often had vague yearnings toward the writing profession; so the English department of the arts college became cluttered with professional courses in Journalism. German literature took on Technical German, with readings far removed from cultural content. Latterly, Mathe-

matics and Science have opened the college portals to Aviation and Meteorology.

Indeed, the eroding of the liberal arts in the arts college threatens a cultural desert. Can the process be checked before the triumph of the practical over the liberal becomes complete? Definitely, it can. But definitely, too, the task will call for a new dedication on the part of all who are devoted to the liberal arts, and especially of all who are in responsible positions in the guidance of the arts college.

Two practical approaches to the problem seem feasible. The first is simply to lop off all the encroachments on the liberal-arts curriculum, and to re-establish in its pristine purity the traditional sequence of studies for the bachelor's degree. This would be a drastic action, and it might lead, initially, to a falling-off in enrolments. It is safe to say, however, that eventually, and with not too long delay, the colleges would have full enrolments of a quality superior to the average of recent student personnel.

College administrators are familiar with the statement so frequently made by those best qualified to judge—namely, recent graduates of good ability who have had courses wholly in the liberal arts and who have entered upon earning careers without professional training—that the liberal-arts education can be a full preparation for after-college life. This conviction will gain ground among their successors on the campus, once the arts college has been cleared of its non-arts accretions. These graduates have met with as ready initial success as was gained by those professionally trained, and have often risen rapidly to more responsible positions. They have followed their opportunities where these beckoned, and have had the developed minds which quickly mastered the technical problems presented, while having a fuller background for a larger living.

Indeed, it were strange should things fall out otherwise. For "the object of a Liberal Education," as Cardinal Newman defines it, "is to open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to know, and to digest, master, rule and use its knowledge, to give it power over its own faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, resource, address, eloquent expression." Is it not pertinent to ask, if one has all this even in an imperfect measure, does one need job-easing training to find a place in the workaday world?

This practical value of the liberal-arts education is corroborated from other testimony. One hears, with ever-more-frequent repetition, the plea from the world of business that the colleges send out men and women who are thoroughly educated, not trained; the world of business can train them best in the assignment itself to which they are sent, provided their minds have been made apt with a real education. So Flexner found with his particular *bête noire* of the school of Journalism. What he terms the best-managed of all newspapers takes no man into its writing staff unless he have a pure liberal-arts education in one of the major universities.

"Give us men with well-disciplined minds," said



the Army representative to the Baltimore conference of college executives shortly after Pearl Harbor, "minds disciplined with mathematics, languages, physics, chemistry and general science," since to men with such minds the armed services, possessing "the means and the methods of teaching highly technical subjects," could readily give the special training needed. "A soldier," said he, "should have a clear-cut idea of what is right and what is wrong: he should have sufficient foresight and mental discipline to establish proper convictions in his mind and the forthright courage to stand by those convictions even if it means a fight to destruction." And such foresight and mental discipline and firm conviction are the result of education through the full cycle of the liberal arts.

Less drastic than this complete housecleaning in the college of liberal arts would be a plan whereby the non-arts items would remain upon the campus, but would not displace the arts in the requirements for a complete liberal-arts education toward the liberal-arts degree. Every subject which means progress toward the bachelor's degree would then have to prove its legitimacy in the liberal-arts family. Such subjects as those hitherto mentioned, and all newly-suggested encroachments of the practical arts, would thus be given an extracurricular status, being valid in meeting requirements for certificates in specialized practical fields, but invalid as degree-earning units. They would be integrated with the departments to which they have affinity, would be taught by specialists in their fields, would be regarded as worthy of pursuit by those who saw a utility in them; but they would not become synthetic liberal-arts subjects by any specious process of being given a liberal-arts label.

A course is or is not a liberal-arts course by virtue of what is being studied and how, not by grace of its inclusion in a listing under Education, Economics, Science or any other field of the liberal arts. If its materials and its emphases are turned to the intellectual and the cultural, it belongs; if these are turned toward practical skills, it does not belong. And if it does not belong, it does not contribute notably to the mental equipment of the candidate for the bachelor's degree in science and arts, and should not be rated as though it did. That is, it should help to qualify one for a certificate in earned skills, but should bear no weight in calculating progress toward the collegiate degree.

The plea against this demotion of the practical arts on the liberal-arts campus will be the same as that by which spurious items attained their present standings—namely, that the student will be unable to fit the "non-credit" units into his working day. The answer to this plea is that students have always been able to carry on extracurricular activities, while showing good results in their course work, when they had a vital interest in both and properly husbanded their time. The extracurricular activities have included such pursuits as vocal and instrumental music, school-paper writing and management, club and society direction, organized sports, paid employment. Members of R.O.T.C. units have found time for their training while carry-

ing full schedules as successfully as others. Students in the new Navy programs are holding their own in competition with civilian students, while using part of their day in securing duty training.

There is no good reason why, with a serious attitude toward both the attainment of a cultured mind and the possession of a job-securing skill, the average college student cannot reach his graduation day with both accomplishments. He will, of course, have to be selective in his extracurricular program, but no more so than one who enters a professional or vocational school. If he intends to enter a business career, he will learn how to handle account books, or to manage sales, or to take dictation and to type; if he plans to teach, he will study teaching techniques sufficiently to qualify for a teacher's certificate. He should make his selection early in his college course; but that will be no earlier than is the case with one registering at a vocational school. For good aim, one needs single aim. But the arts-college student will have one immense advantage over the student in the school of practical arts. If the latter changes his aim in course, his previous efforts are largely lost. But the arts-college student has moved forward toward the great goal of an equipped mind.

It may be urged that a full return to the unsullied liberal arts is idealistic, that the invasion of the practical arts is already entrenched. But the disentrenching of the interlopers can be accomplished with a single bold stroke; and the liberal-arts program by definition is idealistic or it is nil.

We stand on the brink of a new world. And if, in that world, the liberal-arts college, and specifically the Catholic college of liberal arts, will not unfurl the banner of ideals, then who will? We are to have either a world of free men living under a regime of intelligent democracy or we shall have a conglomerate of technologists regimented under a bureaucracy. The tool which fashioned free men with noble ideals and high accomplishment in the past and in the present is the liberal arts, and that is why these arts are termed liberal. The continuing and the brightening of those ideals, and the further heightening of that accomplishment, is in no hands more effective than in those of the college of liberal arts under Christian direction.

The charge to the arts colleges is clear. They can fulfil their charge only in so far as they are really colleges of liberal arts. If they succumb to the threat of an ascendancy of the practical arts, abandoning progressively the work which is traditionally theirs, with no one by to catch the torch of culture when it falls from their hands, a light and a hope and a beauty will pass from the earth. We shall then have fought down the powers of darkness only to lose our own way in the enfolding gloom. One great guarantee of a better world in the future is to be found in strong and pure colleges of liberal arts, crowning the educational labors of Christ's Church, assuring progress into a postwar world of rounded-out intellectual truth, culture rooted in the glories of the past, justice, charity and enduring peace—in a word, Christian civilization.

# CATHOLICS STUDY EROSION OF FARMERS FROM THE LAND

JOHN LaFARGE

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FACTS on the erosion of America's farm lands are matters of common knowledge. Yet every time the figures are heard, they strike the imagination anew with their tremendous meaning. According to the latest writer on the subject, William R. Van Dersal (*The American Land*), fifty million acres of American cropland are now ruined for farming. "This is as big an area as the whole of New England plus Maryland and New Jersey." Furthermore, another 150,000,000 acres are so badly injured by the loss of their topsoil—through wind or water—that farming on them will soon become impossible. And "on the rest of our cropland—880,000,000 acres or more—erosion in greater or lesser degree is apparent everywhere."

But erosion of topsoil, grievous as it is, works no greater havoc than the human erosion with which agriculture in this country must wage a continued and disheartening struggle. The land is disappearing from man, and man is vanishing from the land. The human abandonment of the land takes a twofold form: actual migration from the country to the cities, and a decreasing practical interest in the land—through decrease in ownership—in the case of those who remain on the soil.

Storms of social or spiritual "wind and rain" cause this human erosion: familiar forces long operating on the American scene. Commercialized and centralized agriculture reduces the land workers to a propertyless proletariat or drives them in millions off the land altogether. The urban industrialized world exerts an ever stronger pull, while growing materialism, combined with appalling religious illiteracy, destroys what sense of spiritual values might still create an appreciation of the rural way of life.

There are many ways of stopping physical erosion, as the technical handbooks will inform you. The most effective of all methods is through the cultivation of vegetable life itself. With the aid of contour-plowing and the shelter from immediate violence which the growing plants demand, the long, tough roots of soil-protecting fibers and grasses stiffen Mother Earth's resistance. And the grown plants, in turn, restore the vanished topsoil with the residue of their blades and stalks.

Roots, too, must pierce deep, in order to stop human erosion: roots that penetrate the inner depths of the human mind and the human conscience. Bare economic considerations will not hold the people on the land. The love of the family and

those conditions and surroundings that conduce to a healthy life are the surest anchor for stable rural living; and these, in turn, are rooted in Christian faith and worship, in Christian moral values. It is such a consideration which highlights the real meaning of a meeting that took place on October 12-13 in Milwaukee, in connection with the annual meeting of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference.

Around the table were some thirty-six Catholic priests, Rural Life Directors of a corresponding number of dioceses in this country. Sixty dioceses, in all, have a priest appointed for this office, but war conditions prevented a full attendance, so that those who were present spoke for those who could not come.

With the national R. L. Directors' chairman, Father Patrick T. Quinlan, R.L.D. for the Hartford (Conn.) diocese, presiding, these thirty-six priests told of what they were doing, each in his own region or area.

Some of them were newly appointed—had been in only for a year, or for a few weeks, and were looking for words of wisdom from the experienced. Others were veterans of anything up to twenty years in the work of this particular office, and a long life-time of heroic work in the country missions. But new or old, each added something to the story of the R.L.D.'s.

This is the story of the roots that are growing in rural America: roots, God helping, that will hold the remnants of our rural Catholic people on the land, and will draw many another back to the land from the cities. They are the roots of faith—in those glorious teachings of Mother Church that the Popes have accumulated through the ages: lessons which honor the men and women who work with their hands, lessons drawn from Nazareth and from the sacred teachings of Scripture. They are the roots of hope, for the season has turned in America's Catholic rural-life movement; and in the midst of war's cruel winter, the first dawns are felt of a coming spring, in the shape of the steadily growing appreciation of rural values among clergy and people in this country. Roots, obviously, of charity and justice, for the Catholic rural-life movement knows no classes or privileges, but steadfastly insists that the land shall be widely distributed, that the small farmer hold his own and enjoy the aid and protection of free organization and of the Government, and that no man, whatever his race, color



or creed, shall be subjected to peonage for the sake of even the most politically powerful group organized for commercial exploitation.

It was a story of all America and of the whole Catholic Church in this country—not to speak of Canada—North, South, East and West, meeting at the grass roots. Let us hear a few of these voices, taken at random.

What hope for the city people? Get them to settle upon one acre of good, fertile ground, for part-time cultivation, said Father Quinlan of Connecticut; and as for the country youth, we shall accomplish nothing by mere expediency, we must develop the pioneer spirit.

From New Orleans, Father Castel told of the blessing of fishing boats upon the Louisiana bayous, while Father Foley, R.L.D. in Trenton, N. J., explained the bureau of information he has established for city people seeking homesteads in the country. From Swanton, Ohio, Father Frommherz told of his ten-day rural-life institute held each year for the Sisters, and the enthusiasm with which they followed the courses. Father Hausmann, of Sioux City, Iowa, was marshaling his forces against the corporation-type farms that were creating tenants and the problems that go with them. Down in Oklahoma, Father George V. Johnson was busy with his neighborhood home-study groups among the farmers: little gatherings of four or five families, who quietly took up the investigation of the problems that disturbed them, while they deepened their knowledge of Catholic Faith and practice. Father Johnson's inspiration was the work of the J.A.C. (*Jeunesse Agricole Chrétienne*, Christian Rural Youth, in Belgium and France), the operations of which he had studied when at Louvain.

Father Howard Bishop, founder and director of the American Home Mission Society at Glendale, Ohio, drew the picture of the one thousand "priestless" counties of the United States, and appealed for vocations to the new Sisterhood which is to aid in the vast work of bringing first knowledge of the faith to those regions where no Mass has been said and the name of Catholicism is heard with shuddering dread. Though in Tennessee Catholics are few and far between, men like Father Murray of Knoxville are succeeding in developing self-supporting parishes where formerly there were nothing but missions, while Father O'Neill, of Leavenworth Diocese has no trouble in drawing Kansans to listen to his street preaching. He described how the St. Mary's seminarians organized cooperatives through the Kansas countryside.

Ontario, in the person of Father McGoey, was busy with its plans for the postwar resettlement of soldiers on the land. In Quebec, observed long-experienced Msgr. F. G. Mock of Lincoln, Neb., young priests attend an agricultural school for six months before they are put in charge of a country parish. Up in North Dakota, according to the straight-limbed and keen-eyed veteran of the rural-life movement, Father John Heinz of Mohall, his Catholic people no longer answer "yes" to the question: "Is farming a sin?"

In the Green Bay diocese, said R.L.D. Father

Salm, people are learning to keep their boys and girls on the farm by giving free meals and paying regular wages to those who stay home and work, while parents charge board and lodging to their progeny who toil in the city plants. Priests in the Green Bay region take an active interest in farm organizations, and have aided in the establishment of fifty locals of the National Farmers' Union.

Would a Rural Life Day work? It would and does, at least in the Cincinnati Archdiocese, said Father Urbain. Religion, recreation, professional instruction and discussion are blended in one of the most popular features the rural-life program has developed. Father Urbain buys land to sell, on easy terms, to city homesteaders, and has established the Queen of Peace Homesteads, for Catholic settlers.

Out in the State of Washington, according to Father Schmitz of Pasco, R.L.D. for Spokane, the beautiful old Catholic custom of blessing the grain for the Eucharistic bread has taken root, and even the setting aside of a hallowed acre for this purpose. (In Spain they plant a rose-hedge about the Eucharistic acre, and the children cultivate it.)

Plants of another kind bloom in Missouri, related St. Louis R.L.D. Father Schuler, where the Archdiocesan Rural Life Conference has completely transformed thirty-five rural parishes, eighteen of which now have their own schools.

And yet this is but the beginning of the tale, a small tiny fraction of the tale. Do you want to know its significance? It was made evident the afternoon of that same day. Before the assembled R.L.D.'s, acting not this time as witnesses, but, as it were, as a jury, appeared the top men—a vice president and two presidents—of three principal national farm organizations of this country: the American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange, and the National Farmers' Union: Messrs. Earl Smith, Albert Goss, and James Patton. It was not a case of the R.L.D.'s making themselves known to the farm organizations, but the big agencies pleading to justify their several policies with the R.L.D.'s. How far they succeeded is another story again, for the Conference has set its policy against commercialized farming and insists that the small farmer be enabled to keep his land and his way of life.

But let it in fairness to all concerned be said that the agreements of the Big Three were as significant as their disagreements. Whatever their differences of basic philosophy—and some of these were profound—they all showed a consciousness that America's agriculture can only be saved from the ground up, from the country home and the individual's faith and conscience, and they were likewise aware that no roots go deeper into home and conscience than those sent down by the Catholic rural-life program. Those R.L.D. priests, young and veterans, who spoke in such earnest and graphic simplicity around their long table that sunny October afternoon, are men who have made and will make history in this country. Some day their names will be perpetuated as the priests who applied the surest remedy to save America's broad acres from chaos and destruction.

IN many respects, Wendell Willkie's speech at St. Louis on October 15 is deserving of close attention and study. In the course of it, he touched on almost all the large issues which face the American people, and he did so with courage, candor and imagination. The following are a few of the main points.

1. *World Cooperation.* Without pretending to know all the answers in detail, the 1940 Republican Standard Bearer came out frankly for American participation and leadership in a Council of Nations to assure world peace. He demanded this, as he said, "not because I love America less but because I love her more." Without such collaboration, he argued, our American ideals of freedom and opportunity cannot be realized in the postwar world. The same idea he had expressed more pungently a few days before in a letter to one of his wealthy and isolation-minded critics. "I do not assert," Mr. Willkie wrote, "that all isolationists are Socialists. I do, however, happen to believe that, if isolationist policies were adopted by this country, we should eventually be forced to come to some form of Socialism." That is a capital point, and before this country makes a final decision on its future, it ought to be thoroughly explored.

2. *An expanding economy.* In discussing our domestic economy, Mr. Willkie accepted the thesis that our hope lies in an expansion of opportunity. Repudiating the doctrine of big profits through price-and-production controls, he called for legislation that would "make our enterprise system completely competitive." Furthermore, he recognized that, to avoid disastrous swings in the economic cycle, "a method of cooperative effort between industry and government" must be found to solve the problem of under-investment.

3. *Labor's future.* Mr. Willkie broke sharply with the "punitive spirit" of the Smith-Connally Act, and with a policy which "divides our country into warring factions of labor leaders and business executives." Since men who work but do not own have no economic protection except through organization, this right must not be taken away from labor. Furthermore, labor must be given a larger part in government. Its representatives "shall help determine government's fiscal, domestic and international policies." Only in this way can labor "share the responsibility and the results."

4. *Social security.* While our major emphasis must be on expanding opportunity, Mr. Willkie would have the country "courageously face the problem of want." To this end, it must learn how "to protect everyone in the event of unemployment, accident, bad health, incapacity and old age." We must expand, not reduce, social insurance.

Mr. Willkie is not the first, of course, to advance such policies. The National Resources Planning Board has made similar recommendations, and so has Vice President Wallace. But Mr. Willkie's contribution to the general discussion is notable. We expect similar contributions from the other candidates in the field.

## AN INDEPENDENT PHILIPPINES

GOD'S sense of timing is often difficult to understand, yet it makes history intriguing.

If Emilio Aguinaldo had died when he was one of the early leaders of the Filipino Insurrection, he would today be a national hero, honored like José Rizal, with a special holiday of his own. Rizal and others died. Aguinaldo lingered on and in his lingering was cast aside, an embittered old man. Now the Japanese have rejuvenated him to make him puppet leader of a newly independent Philippines bearing the Japanese trade mark. Charitable historians of the future will say of him that he lived beyond his time. Realists will call him a traitor.

None of them will grant him prominence, for an independent Philippines under Japanese tutelage will not be a lasting thing. The Filipinos hold their independence a sacred thing. They fought for it against Spain, and against the United States when Americans had helped to drive the Spaniards from the Islands.

The Japanese are astute enough to try to take advantage of this Filipino love of independence; but like many astute people they underestimate the victims of their cleverness. They know that the term of office of Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Commonwealth, expires on November 15. They know that he cannot be elected for a second term; and anyhow elections today are just an impossibility. So they have jumped the gun and proclaimed an Independent Philippines, effective October 14.

Fortunately they have failed in their reading of the Filipino character. The Filipinos are loyal to Manuel Quezon. Elections or no elections, he is still their chosen leader. The Filipinos trust the United States and MacArthur's pledge to "return to Bataan." They have fought too hard and waited too long for a genuine independence to be satisfied with a counterfeit made in Japan. And they know that the United States only awaits the return of peace to give them genuine independence.

We owe much and the world owes much to the heroic fighters of the Philippines. That much will be paid (it is the most sacred of our war oaths) when we "return to Bataan" and side by side with the Filipino people salute their flag flying over an unconquered, unconquerable, Independent Philippines.



## FUNDS FOR OWI

IT should not be necessary at this late date to insist that in the conduct of modern warfare words are at least as important as bullets. In an age when an entire nation must be mobilized to wage successful war, victory or defeat depends to an enormous extent on the morale of the masses. The Germans realize this very well, for they remember how the breakdown on the home front in 1918 forced the surrender of a well-equipped army still capable of hard fighting. Herr Goebbels is determined not to let that happen again. Hard pressed as the Nazis are, he is spending huge sums on propaganda, and he is not spending this money, in Germany, in Europe, all over the world, without hope of some return.

Compared with the German achievement (and the Japanese, too) our propaganda effort shows up none too well. While the main reason for this may be the lack of a definite and constructive postwar program—something that would stir the world as did Wilson's Fourteen Points in 1918—it should not be overlooked that the country is asking its chief propaganda organ, the Office of War Information, to fight the war of the airwaves on little more than a shoestring. The 1943 appropriation for the foreign branch of OWI amounts to not much more than the cost of the sixty bombers lost during the single raid on Schweinfurt!

This kind of economy, it strikes us, is apt to be a very expensive mistake, since our failure to use effectively the weapon of psychological warfare can easily prolong the war and involve wholly unnecessary expenditures of men and money. That is a piddling sum for a nation which is spending billions on armaments.

The matter is especially pertinent right now. OWI's foreign branch has about reached the end of its limited resources and last week Elmer Davis, head of OWI, had to go hat-in-hand to the Senate Appropriations Committee to beg for an additional \$5,000,000 to carry on critically essential work. Why there should be any haggling over this request is hard to see. If anything, it errs on the side of modesty and reasonableness. The pity is that Mr. Davis should have to plead for funds which in the long run may save billions of dollars and no one knows how many lives.

## AMERICAN SOVEREIGNTY

ANY stigma, as Monsignor Ronald Knox is said to have remarked, is good enough to beat a dogma. A free throwing-about of terms like Communism and Fascism has befogged many a discussion which should have led to straight social or political thinking. Latest arrival in the field of emotional words is "sovereignty." American sovereignty is in danger; we are well on the way to becoming a mere province of a world-state—and so *ad infinitum*.

It is time to attempt a little clear thinking about the nature and implications of sovereignty.

A nation's sovereignty is taken to mean that it has no superior, that it is perfectly free to conduct its own internal and external affairs, that it is the sole and ultimate judge of its own interests and actions. Theoretically, that is; for in practice, as Representative Fulbright points out in the New York Times Magazine (October 17):

... twice within twenty-five years we have been forced, against our will, into wars which have seriously threatened our free existence. To this extent the supreme control over our affairs, over our destiny, is at present incomplete. Our sovereignty is imperfect.

Like other nations, we have entered into various treaties. Now, what prevents us from breaking any treaty when we find it convenient to do so? One consideration, of course, is that we should find it practically impossible to induce foreign countries to make any treaties with us, if we adopted that attitude. But there is something deeper. We hold that a nation, no less than an individual, is bound by its word. Whatever our practice may at times have been, no American will subscribe to the principle that we need have no regard for our nation's word spoken and given. We recognize a *moral* obligation to keep our word, even though we are physically able to break it. The recent Declaration by Catholic, Jewish and Protestant leaders stressed this conviction of the necessity of a *moral* order among nations in its First Point:

The moral law must govern world order. The organization of a just peace depends upon practical recognition of the fact that not only individuals, but nations, states, and international society are subject to the sovereignty of God and to the moral law which comes from God.

Our sovereignty, therefore, is limited by the moral law—the law of justice and charity. The restoration of that law is one of the great objects of this war. Unfortunately, both men and nations are prone to ignore that law when self-interest leads the way.

We cannot dismiss the evils and imperfections of men with a stroke of the pen; that was the mistake of the Kellogg Pact. We cannot expect an ordered existence if we are not willing to do the work of producing order; for order does not create itself. No amount of optimism will avail to produce law or order in a community where every man insists upon the right to settle his own disputes in his own way; if need be, at the point of his own gun.

The social nature of man makes it imperative for him to live in an ordered community; and men would be going against the designs of God, Who created that nature, if they lived in an anarchy which, of its nature, would prevent the development of a decent human life. Now that the world, through modern facilities for communication, has become one community, men will be failing in an essential moral obligation if they do not organize this world community on a basis of Law.

Here is the reason why the religious leaders, in the Fifth Point of their Declaration, called for international institutions which would develop a body of international law, have power to control armaments, compel adjudication of disputes and fulfillment of obligations, and be equipped to enforce their decisions by adequate sanctions. Speaking of this point of the Declaration before the Senate, Senator Mead said:

Some . . . might question that these are moral principles. Yet, in fact, they fall into the same class as the principle that a country must have a political government. For the necessary means of obtaining an obligatory purpose is itself obligatory under the law of God. An anarchic world is at least as evil as an anarchic country.

To these testimonies we may add the appeal of the world's supreme religious leader, Pope Pius XII, on November 10, 1939, for a "stable, fruitful international organization" which

. . . will be able to assure the reciprocal independence of nations, big and small, to impose fidelity to agreements loyally agreed upon and to safeguard the liberty and dignity of the human person. . . . (*Principles for Peace*, 1470).

A nation's sovereignty, therefore, is limited by its obligations to acknowledge practically that it is part of the world community and to do its share in creating and supporting the rule of law. That this means a recession from our present notion of sovereignty, cannot be denied. But that idea of sovereignty, as Monsignor John A. Ryan told the Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion in New York, last September

. . . has been an evil thing for political science and ethical values. It has promoted the heresy that states are above the moral law and fostered a sort of jingoistic idolatry of the term sovereignty itself. The prevalence of that idolatry among our people is a serious obstacle to rational consideration of proposals for political world organization.

This is surely the mind of Pius XII in *Summi Pontificatus* (*Principles*, 1429):

The idea which credits the state with unlimited authority is not simply an error harmful to the internal life of nations, to their prosperity, and to the larger and well-ordered increase in their well-being, but likewise it injures the relations between peoples, for it breaks the unity of supranational society, robs the law of nations of its foundations and vigor, leads to violation of others' rights and impedes agreement and peaceful intercourse.

Of all people in the world, Catholics should be the last to be infected by such an error; of all people, they should be readiest to promote the international order so often pleaded for by the Pope. And we American Catholics should feel a special responsibility for seeing that the vast strength and prestige of our nation be thrown definitely on the side of the rule of law among nations.

## ALL THE SAINTS

HEAVEN is no place for the snobbish and the class-conscious, if we can judge from Saint John's preview of its saintly mob scene: "a great multitude which no man could number of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues."

It is a select gathering only in the sense that all present are the persevering friends of Christ. Queen of them all is Our Lady, Mother of God, yes, but for all that, what the moderns among us would call "just a housewife." A carpenter, head of a poor household, takes place protectively near her. Then there is he who was not clothed in soft garments and entered the palaces of kings only to upbraid one of them and lose his head as a consequence. The fishermen and the tax collector and the penitent murderer-thief and the reformed prostitute still form a close circle around the Friend of the weak.

There are Jews there and Arabs and Africans; English and Irish; Germans and Russians and Japanese and Chinese; French and Italians and Ethiopians and Spanish and Danish and Americans from North and South, and Mexicans. There are kings there and queens and warrior knights and noblemen. There, too, are the scholars, side by side with the numberless multitude of those who never or barely learned to write, and those who for some good reason of His own God sent wandering witless on this globe. There are the prominent of the earth, now no more prominent than the little ones, the nameless ones, who lived and worked and died known only to the few who loved them. There are white men and black men, and brown and yellow and red men.

We pray to them all today and we honor them for the only glory that is real and lasting, the glory of saintliness. We know, as we pray, that we too are destined for the same glory. God made us all to be great. We have the same equipment that was theirs, the same human nature, the same temptations, the sufferings and pains and struggles, the same striving after good and slipping into evil. Like them we have within us the image of God to be worked upon, fashioned, developed, through striving toward saintliness, into the likeness of Christ, with Christ's help.

Not only in us, but in all men is the stuff of saintliness. We are all made in God's image. We are all made to be God's children, brothers and sisters of Christ. Deeper than all our individual or racial traits, deeper and more important than all nationality, is the citizenship that is founded on saintliness. The image of God may be obscured. The likeness to Christ may be covered over by irritating mannerisms, by selfishness and sin, by ignorance, by misunderstanding. But there it is and, because it is, there is hope for every human being, and respect and love.

Hell is the abode without love. Heaven is love perfected. Even this poor world of ours could be heavenly if we were all aiming earnestly at a saintliness that means love, love of God and love of the image of God in every human being.



# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## FROM POET TO PROPAGANDIST

KATHERINE BRÉGY

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WHEN I first met Edna St. Vincent Millay at a dinner of the Poetry Society of America she was a slight girlish creature with rather reckless red-gold hair and a green gown matching her eager, appraising green eyes, and I remember thinking how utterly right she looked for the symbolic role she was fast assuming in American poetry.

That must have been about 1921, for she had recently jumped into fame through the popularity of *Renascence*, and was already launched upon her work with the Provincetown Players, acting and writing for them such sweetly-bitter little comedies as *Aria da Capo* or *Three Slaterns and a King*. In fact, she was already recognized as the laureate of a generation Scott Fitzgerald christened the "Beautiful and Damned," and summed up its *credo* and battle cry in the tragi-comic quatrain:

My candle burns at both ends;  
It will not last the night:  
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—  
It gives a lovely light!

Looking back from today's perspective, I still cannot think of any living poet so vividly representative of a certain cross-section of our life and our literature in all its qualities and its defects. That was my own generation. It grew up in the romantic security and scientific sophistries of the 1890's and 1900's; it knew the excitement of World War I and the bitter postwar disillusion and post-war depression; it flirted—unless it held fast to or acquired a stronger Faith—with Communism and various Left-Wing ideologies; and just as it was beginning to be disenchanted with these, along came the whole-hearted if somewhat muddle-headed cult of Liberalism—and finally the grim and global implications of World War II.

Edna Millay was born in Rockland, Maine, in 1892, and although her graduation from Vassar College in 1917 was rather late, her extraordinary first book of poems published that same year was rather early. Indeed, she was something of a youthful prodigy, since many of those undergraduate lyrics remain among her best, and the title-poem "Renascence" had created a sensation when first issued in the *Lyric Year* for 1912. In 1920 came the ironic harvest of *A Few Figs from Thistles*, in which Miss Millay's *esprit moqueur* was very much in evidence, along with the cynical sadness which broke in upon the dreams of *Second April* in 1921

and the *Harp Weaver* of 1923. Those were the years of her poetic regnancy—which saw her adventuring with the Greenwich Village group in New York and the Left Bank group in Paris, receiving a Pulitzer prize and eventually marrying Eugen Boissevain, whose first wife had been the beautiful suffragette Inez Milholland. In 1927 she wrote the libretto of Deems Taylor's not-too-successful opera, *The King's Henchman*, following it the next year with her rather disappointing *Buck in the Snow*.

Personally I feel that the last volume touched by the true Millay magic was the daring and tragic sonnet-sequence of 1931, *Fatal Interview*. After that came the bitter vintage of *Wine from These Grapes*, a translation of Baudelaire done with George Dillon, and the provocative and problematical *Conversation at Midnight*. Miss Millay has long been attracted by the "song of social significance," and at various times has voiced enthusiasm in prose or verse for the cause of Sacco and Vanzetti, for free love and birth control (paradoxical combination!), for the Spanish "republic," and for any and every anti-Nazi movement. During the past few years she has led a purposefully simple life on the rather sophisticated farm which she and her husband have developed in the Berkshires, while her verse has been almost wholly "occasional." Unfortunately, it is impossible to find much of a thrill in her assurance that "There Are No Islands Any More," in the sonnets attacking the "Old Men of Vichy" and the hypothetical English Conservative who is one day going to "give England to Germany," or even in the weakly executed radio ballad of 1942, *The Murder of Lidice*.

Few critics will question the fact that in pure artistry no American poet has surpassed Edna Millay at her best. And it is interesting to note that she, whose philosophy of life has inclined not only toward liberty but even toward license, has cared little for free verse and done much of her finest work in the sonnet form—which she uses with freshness and facility, if at times also with flippancy. Now, of course, no poet can be always at his or her best; the regrettable thing about this particular poet is that she has increasingly tended to mock at her best. Between her constructive and destructive work there is a gulf fixed. The youthful "Renascence" carried the promise of genius. It

was also a profoundly religious poem, with a keen sense of the presence of God and a Gethsemane sense of the presence of evil in the world. Another poem in that first volume, significantly entitled "God's World," breathed an ecstasy of Nature love unsurpassed by Wordsworth, and ended with a poignant cry to the Divine Painter of autumn's canvas:

Lord, I do fear  
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year.  
My heart is all but out of me—let fall  
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

The same extremely personal sensitivity breathes through the "Blue Flag" poem of her *Second April*, which pictures a woman facing the end of the world and pleading with God that she may carry into eternity the one frail flower which sums up for her all the transient beauty of earthly life. There was enormous vitality in Miss Millay's work at this time, and it was still quite reconcilable with the Holy Ghost, Who, as Gerard Hopkins declared:

over the bent  
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

But there was a worm gnawing at the young poet's faith and consequently her art. She was never in much danger of pantheism, but more and more her work became an expression of paganism in its fatalism, its frankly physical attitude toward human love and the forced flowers of insouciance heaped upon the grave of something very like despair. The pagan worship of earthly loveliness, with heartbreak or else stoicism when this loveliness fails, is one of the chief temptations of any poet who has not the vision to see "through the lamp, Beauty, the light, God"; who has not, in other words, a definite and inclusive and interesting faith in the supernatural. There was never, of course, anything very interesting or inclusive in the New England Dispensation, and by the time it reached the "last Puritans" of our own day it was not even very definite.

Edna Millay, like the rest of us, has lived through an age when the Time Spirit and the World Spirit urged everybody to experiment with old beliefs and throw them overboard if they did not seem to fit, to experiment with new loves and throw them overboard if they did not continue to give pleasure, to experiment with ideas of power or even with the Flowers of Evil; and when any of these sank into corruption or boredom to dramatize the final heart-ache. Superficially it might be imagined that such inhibition would make for vividness in poetry. Up to a certain point it did, as in the "fleshly school" of Swinburne or the nervous sensuality of the Comtesse de Noailles, whose work has much in common with Miss Millay's. But it has its drawbacks, too—drawbacks which bring strange vindication to Patmore's insistence that "bad morality is bad art." For too much experimenting with life dulls sensitivity with satiety. Too much cynicism saps the creative ecstasy of the artist. And Paul Claudel has suggestively pointed out that to deny the reality of evil or sin is bad for poetry because it undermines the essential and immemorial and heart-searching conflicts of humanity.

All of these currents are reflected in the pages of Edna Millay's work. There came a day when she, who had stood transfixed before the autumn woods, saw April come in "like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers"—when the half-shrugging message sent back from Hell by Persephone was merely

my dear,  
It is not so dreadful here.

Equally or perhaps more tragic has been the poet's attitude toward romantic love—or perhaps she would prefer the plain word passion. One whole volume, *Fatal Interview*, is concerned with a frankly pagan interpretation of the arrogant and wilful love that is "like a burning city in the breast." It is a volume of sonnets, and a few of them are superb sonnets, particularly number XXX, with the shattering understatement of its sestet:

It well may be that in a difficult hour,  
Pinned down by pain and moaning for release,  
Or nagged by want past resolution's power,  
I might be driven to sell your love for peace  
Or trade the memory of this night for food.  
It well may be. I do not think I would.

But Edna Millay is too honest not to bear witness that this utter abandon ends either in heartbreak or disillusion, and to confess in another sonnet that the lady of too promiscuous loving loses both her lovers and the power to hear any bird-songs in her exhausted heart.

Perhaps Miss Millay felt that the revelation of her work had been too entirely feminine, for her *Conversation at Midnight* (1937) has not one woman in its curious *dramatis personae*. The verse form is as colloquially free as Ogden Nash's, or as the breath-stops of the Claudel school, and sometimes does not rise above clever prose. The speakers represent a variety of viewpoints: the successful financier, the unsuccessful artist, the young communist, the disappointed lover—and the host Ricardo, who, seeming to sum up the author's own confusion of thought, confesses that he is up on a philosophic fence which "hurts me more than it does you." It is very significant, I think, that the representative of faith in this ultra-modern group is a cultured and charming Catholic priest, to whom are given the majority of the finest lines in the book.

Such was the general story of Edna St. Vincent Millay's work up to the outbreak of the present war. Since then she, who had pretty thoroughly probed the depths and vagaries if not always the heights of personal emotion, has thrown her efforts toward the impersonal, even the political. Her sincerity is indubitable and, knowing her craft, she can scarcely write unskilfully or ineffectually. Yet I doubt if her warmest admirers feel that this recent verse represents her best or even her second-best. To put it briefly—and doubtless such short-cuts are always over-simplifications—she has served her period as poet of enchantment, as poet of disenchantment and as propagandist in verse. Will there be a fourth phase when peace comes again, one wonders—and will it mean a slipping down or a climbing up?



# BOOKS

## CARMEL'S REFORMER

SAINT TERESA OF AVILA. By William Thomas Walsh.  
The Bruce Publishing Company. \$5

THE Catholic Book-of-the-Month Club has made a very wise selection, and the reading public has already backed up that selection by buying this book, which is written in the best of Dr. Walsh's charming style, and which will do a vast amount of good, for it is a notable contribution to knowledge of our Catholic heritage.

Mysticism is a human experience outside the boundaries of ordinary human knowledge. It is not subject to the limits of ratiocination, cannot be reduced to a system, and therefore demands credence based on mediate testimony, rather than cognition based on evidence. Mystical theology is compiled from the notebooks of Saints whose words fail to express completely the significance of their experiences. Hence it is nothing more than an inadequate description of mental activities that are intuitive rather than cognoscitive. The immediate consciousness of God through contemplation and love defies explanation, and that is why even Doctor Walsh's biography of Saint Teresa of Avila, like all similar books, finds it difficult to achieve a complete portrayal of its subject.

At the present time the central problem of hagiography is to make understandable the exterior actions of Saints—their enthusiasm for suffering, their levitations, mortifications, fasts, vigils, self-lacerations. In the so-called Ages of Faith people took all that for granted as a logical corollary of sanctity. Today there is wide questioning of the "logic" that would lead a Saint to accept, and even invite, pain as a means of pleasing God. What is the state of mind, what are the interior experiences? How deep must be the consciousness of the relation between created self and uncreated God before this "logic" of human abasement can be put into practice?

Saint Teresa struggled for more than twenty years before reaching a satisfactory answer to these questions. Her contact with God had been through mental prayer (which, she maintains, is possible for anyone) but a succession of inept spiritual directors made her dubious of its origin and merits. Father Cetina, a twenty-three-year-old Jesuit, gave her the exact and intelligent advice most needed, settled her doubts, so that ten years later she could write: "He left me consoled and strengthened, and the Lord helped me through him. . . . My prayer began to settle down solidly like a building that already has mortar in it, and to incline me to more penitence, of which I had grown careless, having such great infirmities." (Pp. 124-5.)

From the monolog of mental prayer Teresa was privileged to make the next step to actual conversation in which God spoke to her:

When I was very weary and commended myself to God, His Majesty began to console me and to encourage me. He told me that here I saw what the Saints had endured who founded the Religious Orders; that I would have to go through much more persecution than I could think of, and not to let it bother us at all. (Pp. 177-8.)

Then in her later years she seems to have enjoyed every variety of spiritual experience. "At last comes spiritual marriage, in which God appears in the very center of the soul, not by an imaginary but by an intellectual vision far more mysterious and sublime than before." (P. 487.)

The most interesting passages of this biography are those describing the inner spiritual development of the great mystic. Parallel to these are the struggles for reform, the restoration of the primitive Carmelite rule, opening of convents for contemplatives. Teresa knew and influenced the important Spanish Catholics of her

day: Francis Borgia, Peter of Alcantara, John of the Cross, Balthazar Alvarez, Dominic Banez and others.

Doctor Walsh has brought to this work the same enthusiasm for Spanish Catholicism which he showed in his biographies of Queen Isabella and Philip II. Careful study and translation of primary sources have given *Saint Teresa of Avila* a factual reliability of high degree.

JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J.

## APPLEGATE AND ANTROBUS

MAINSTREAM. By Hamilton Basso. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2.50

MR. APPLGATE is a contemporary of Mr. (and Mrs.) Antrobus. Hamilton Basso's historical sketch and Thornton Wilder's symbolic play have placed their respective creations in the same domestic setting of Mr. Average American, even to the slippers and the easy-chair by the lamp and the radio. The Antrobuses, of course, have been married for the past five thousand years, which is not the case with the Applegates. There are, likewise, further differences. The Antrobus family have managed to preserve their human existence—combined with an unconquerable optimism and a few skeletons in the family closet—through the millennia and the ice-ages. Mr. Applegate has salvaged nothing of himself, since his dramatic role is purely passive, but his democratic ideals have somehow come by the skin of their teeth through America's history.

Mr. Basso's theme is an armchair parade of the great historic figures whose doings or sayings have contributed for good or evil to the collection of "beliefs, traditions and attitudes" (p. 155) which a contemporary American (Applegate) would call democracy: Cotton Mather and John Smith, Thomas Jefferson, John Calhoun, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Carnegie, P. T. Barnum, Henry Adams and William Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, Huey P. Long, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Their respective appearances are held together by a rather slender thread, and one might forget the central theme and enjoy the fruits of Mr. Basso's sympathetic insights and considerable reading. He is neither a debunker nor a glorifier, and has explained the many-sided Thomas Jefferson about as plausibly as anything I have read. I wish I could say quite the same of his chapter on T. R. It is not fair to attribute so much of T. R.'s outdoor dramatics to mere show. Roosevelt's nature enthusiasms, like his family ideals, rose from a deeper source than he was given credit for. It was no one less than a philosopher who founded the American Country Life Commission.

Where Applegate's democratic optimism differs from Antrobus' ever-recurring hopes is found in the fact that beneath all the rubbish and emotional baggage carried by Applegate there lies a surer heritage of spiritual principle. Mr. Basso does not in so many words distinguish democracy as a social structure from democracy as a form of government, but the idea is latent in his mind. He is emphatic that recent "progressive" cynicism as to democracy is "more indicative of a narrowness of vision than a triumph of realistic thinking."

"Any defense of democracy," he concludes, "must finally be based on belief in certain abstract truths"—not on economic determinism nor blind historical forces. "It is the abstract truths that were written into" the Declaration of Independence, "its moral and ethical inspiration, that made it possible for democracy to be seen as a bridgehead to the future."

The scope of Mr. Basso's literary journey leaves him little time to consider the ice-age monsters—irreligion, prejudice, and such—which have strayed from the An-

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trobus' front yard into the Applegates' democratic garden. It is unfortunate for comity's sake that a few of these prehistoric dragons still poke a nose into the more intimate garden of Mr. Basso's own mind, which nourishes, apparently, a rooted aversion to saints—Saint Aloysius, Saint Gertrude, Saint Teresa. He sees them, as he does "primitive Christianity," through a dinosaur's, not an historian's eyes. I hope Mr. Basso will clear up his garden. He has enough plants in it that will make for victory not to need to tolerate any weeds.

JOHN LaFARGE

## INTERRACIAL BOOKSHELF

AS demand for books on the Negro increases, production multiplies. The most important contribution of late from the scientific side is the Negro in American Life series which is being published under the general direction of Dr. Gunnar Myrdal, and sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation. The final over-all summary of the Carnegie series is yet to appear. *Patterns of Negro Segregation*, by Charles S. Johnson (Harper and Bros. \$3.50), is a revelation to anyone who wants to study the inconsistencies and intricacies of the whole question of Negro segregation in the United States.

As a social scientist and a psychologist, Dr. Johnson studies the curious reactions against segregation. Some avoid it, others assume a hostile, defiant attitude; others again react by an acceptance, in some cases covered with fear. Dr. Johnson himself, one of the outstanding Negro sociologists of the United States, Dean of Social Sciences at Fisk University, has lived with this problem all his life. It is as familiar to him as the air he breathes. He says:

Theoretically, segregation is merely the separate but equal treatment of equals. In such a complex and open society as our own this is, of course, neither possible nor intended. There can be no group segregation without discrimination, and discrimination is neither democratic nor Christian.

Segregation is conventionally looked upon as a practical measure as opposed to idealism but, in the long run, in Dr. Johnson's view, it is contrary even to the purely selfish interests of the white majority itself. "It is not inconceivable," he says, "that the tremendous cost of a racial dualism in the many-faceted social structure will operate to reduce the policy of segregation eventually to a mere symbol." Example of that might be the curtain hung in the dining-car. Dr. Johnson's book is rich in human documents taken at first-hand.

What is an adequate standard of living? What is the Negro's share in our national income; his habits of consumption; the effect of those habits on society? What are the practical results of the WPA and various types of family assistance? It is easy to generalize but not so easy to give a consistent picture.

In order to be completely objective, the Carnegie researchers chose Richard Sterner, a Swede, to make a monumental study of what is *The Negro's Share* in all these matters, and what should be his share (Harper and Bros. \$4.50). Sterner is prominent in Sweden as a scientist in the service of the Government, investigating social questions. He has constructed a professional piece of social research, equipped with tables and reports, a practical reference book and a natural part of any interracial library.

Were the Negro slaves, in ante-bellum days, a contented lot, or were they inclined to be rebellious? The traditional view praises their docility, in contrast, proverbially, with the spirit of the American Indian. Nevertheless, several first-hand observers of the slaves were struck by their restlessness, discontent and rebelliousness. This view appears to be growing among American historians.

Herbert Aptheker's monograph, *American Negro Slave Revolts* (Columbia University Press. \$4.50) is an attempt to meet the need of a "thorough, documented study of



many phases of the problem." A long series of movements at the end of the eighteenth century and the early decades of the nineteenth are analyzed, which led up to the catastrophic Nat Turner slave rebellion in Southampton, Virginia, in 1830. The record up to the very close of the slave days betrays a continued, uneasy fear of rebellion, against which repressive measures were anxiously devised. In July, 1845, a "fairly serious outbreak occurred" even in the Catholic counties of Maryland.

The evidence, in Mr. Aptheker's opinion, "points to the conclusion that discontent and rebelliousness were not only exceedingly common, but, indeed, characteristic of American Negro slaves."

Roi Ottley's *New World A-Coming* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3), is a brilliant tour de force, assembling a wealth of human-interest material about Harlem, Negroes in general, well known and less known movements, outstanding personalities, sociological facts and in general a good bird's-eye view of the whole Negro situation as it appears from the corner of 135th Street and Lenox Avenue. It is easily and ably written and handles most of the questions you want to know about Harlem, avoids muck-raking and gives the finer side as well as the drab. Marcus Garvey, Father Divine, J. A. Rogers, Joe Louis and other less familiar figures are introduced. There is a chapter on the black Jews of Harlem. Helpful is a practical little bibliography at the close. The last chapter, however, is rather a flourish than a logical conclusion to anything that went before. Nothing is said therein about the work of the Catholic Church in Harlem or New York City at large. In view of the remarkable growth of the Catholic work for the Negro and for the Negro's rights in recent times, this is a rather conspicuous omission.

In the field of biography it would be difficult to find two books more unlike than *Angel Mo' and Her Son*, Roland Hayes, by Mackinley Helm (Little, Brown, \$2.75), and *Dust Tracks on a Road*, by Zora Neale Hurston (Lippincott, \$3). Miss Hurston is a sophisticated ethnologist, a debunker, a humorist and rudely salty writer, but poetic and moving when in her gentler moods. Like some other Negro intellectuals, she is hard on her own people and devotes attention to lambasting certain schools of Negro thought.

[She maintains that she has] been a Negro three times—a Negro baby, a Negro girl and a Negro woman. Still if you have received no clear-cut impression what the Negro in America is like, then you are in the same place with me. There is no *the Negro* here. Our lives are so diversified, internal attitudes so varied, appearances, capabilities so different that there is no possible classification so catholic that will cover us all except My people! My people!

Zora Hurston came up the hard way and is deeply grateful to those who helped her. She feels the need of religion but is still groping. One hopes her honesty may guide her to a surer port than she now enjoys.

A log-cabin of two rooms saw the first days of the great singer, Roland Hayes, at the foot of Horn's Mountain near the town of Curryville, in Georgia; "but it had certain marks of distinction in comparison with even ruder houses in the neighborhood." His father was only a "rough peasant," but that rough peasant taught the child to identify the songs of birds, urging him to hearken to them—himself repeating and answering their melodies over and over again. Though it began in the backwoods, the life of Roland Hayes has unity. When, in the autumn of 1904, he entered the concert chamber of the Beethoven Saal in Berlin and found himself standing in a flood of light, he was quite calm in the midst of that fairly hostile audience and coolly faced a great volley of hisses which seemed to fill the hall. "I waited moment after moment, perhaps five or ten minutes altogether," he says, "listening to the ebb and flow of antagonistic sounds. I tried to match the determination of my adversaries with quiet invincibility and after a time I seemed actually to impress them." Finally, the at-

## Portrait of the Russian People

What is Russia going to do? Stalin doesn't know. How is a tree going to grow? The gardener doesn't know. The gardener knows what he wants and so does Stalin. But the gardener knows he may get something very different. So, I suppose, does Stalin. There's the same principle in both instances. You can't do what you like with anything: you can only do what can be done with it. And with a living thing what can be done with it depends on what life has already done to it. You can to some extent shape its future: but not if you ignore its past. Try to shape the future of a man, and all that has ever happened to him will be working with you or against you—mostly against you, unless you are very wise. So with a people. So with the Russian people.

We may fear Russia as a threat or hail Russia as a promise; the chances are that we could not pass the simplest examination in Russian history. Think how funny that is. English nurses used to scare babies with the bogey-man Napoleon. Nurses still thrill babies with the promise of Santa Claus. We are horribly like babies with our pathetic fears or hopes, knowing precious little more about Russia than the babies about Napoleon or Santa Claus, but listening hollow-eyed or shining-eyed to the dear old nurses who write the editorials and are as ignorant as we. For if you don't know a country's history, you don't know the country. If you don't know what kind of things it has done and what have been its dominant motives over the long span of its history, how can you have the faintest notion of what kind of things it is going to do and upon what motives. Emotional reactions to what one has heard of its last twenty years are not enough.

Helen Iswolsky's book *The Soul of Russia* would be a most practical beginning of a most practical study. It is a biographical portrait of the Russian people. And you know as you read that here is the most tenacious national character that this world knows. It persists. Rulers happen to it, and pass. When Thomas Aquinas was a boy, the appalling Genghis Khan flood submerged Russia; and it passed. Anyone knowing both the Russian character and its tenacity could have foretold that, while Communism would do things to Russia, they would be nothing to what Russia would do to Communism. Communism was bound to be Russianized—it would become less international, less atheist. Indeed, the attempt to make Russia atheist shows in what a lighthearted ignorance of Russia Lenin embarked on his job. Religion is the permanent element in the Russian character, as it has been the dynamic factor in Russia's historical development: and not any religion: Russian religion: the specifically Russian way of being Christian (in this book profoundly and lovingly shown us).

How vast a body of history stirs alive as we see the present Archbishop of Kiev in December, 1942, crying out against the Germans: "God is not in strength but in truth." For that was the cry of St. Alexander Nevsky seven hundred years before as he crashed back the Teutonic Knights. And the best work on St. Alexander is by Borodin, one of the most influential of Russian communists. I would take a small bet that none of your nurses told you that.

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tack petered out, quiet came and with it the triumph.

Roland Hayes' enthusiasm for Spain, especially for Granada, which seemed like a homeland of his soul, is strikingly in contrast to his depressing experience in Russia. An amusing incident describes elaborate precautions taken by the Muscovites to eliminate the mention of God from the Spirituals and to give them a strictly Soviet humanitarian term. "Deep River," a song of religious aspiration if ever there was one, had become in proletarian hands a dreary narrative about Negroes picnicking on the banks of the Jordan River." Roland Hayes determined to break through, with God's help, the banal and cold irreligious press.

After my next concert a ruling member of the Communist Party admitted to me that she had experienced "a peculiar feeling" which, as a professing atheist, she was unable to describe. "I am sure, however," she quickly added, "that my feelings do not correspond to any spiritual reality and I do not expect them to last very long."

Angel Mo' is a cultivated and human book. Let me take this occasion to give a salute to his gifted accompanist, Percival Parham, who, alas, is no longer living.

Approaching Christmas reminds us that a charming gift book is *Southern Harvest*, by Clare Leighton (Macmillan, \$3.50), an English lady who specializes in woodcuts. Text, typography and a genial picturesque description of mountain folk, poor whites, black folk of all kinds, moonshiners, cotton-pickers, illustrate the furnishings of the picturesque Southern countryside with no particular argumentation or implication. Miss Leighton has managed to make the Southland's people her own people in quite a distinctive way.

Latest off the press is *Brown Americans*, by Edwin R. Embree (Viking, \$2.75). The author notes that his book is not merely a revision of *Brown America*, which was first published in 1931. It is really a new writing about a fresh stage in the growth of America's Negro minority. Mr. Embree is struck by the changes that have occurred in the Negro's status during those twelve years. Like its predecessor, *Brown Americans* is a discriminating all-round conspectus of the general situation of the American Negroes, plus a bird's-eye view of their history in the past. It is serviceable as an introduction to the entire subject.

Coming publications are two from Chapel Hill, N. C.: *Race and Rumors of Race*, by Howard W. Odum, and *What the Negro Wants* (a symposium). J. L. F.

ABIGAIL'S SAMPLER AND OTHER POEMS. By Helen Frith Stickney. Fine Editions Press. \$1.25

THE BALLAD OF JOHN CASTNER. By A. M. Sullivan. Fine Editions Press. \$1

A DAY IN MANHATTAN. By A. M. Sullivan. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2

OF BITTER GRAPES. By Emery E. Pethro. Bruce Humphries. \$1.75

THE first of these four books contains a group of fifty-six brief lyrics and sonnets. They have a freshness of imagery, a delicacy of touch and a precision of form that are enchanting. Theirs is the charm of spinnet music, that relaxes the nerves after the thundering of much recent poetry. *The Ballad of John Castner* recounts a little-known event of the War of Independence with all the straightforward robustness of the old ballads. There are nine small drawings by Howard Sloane Zoll. The five dramatic poems in *A Day in Manhattan* were written originally for radio, but they lose none of their strength in print. Four of them give a dramatic picture of pre-war America. One, "Psalm against the Darkness," is a searching of the souls of men in the light of faith in God. To the empty boasts of pseudo-science, Sullivan replies:

As long as children are born, God lives in the veins  
of his creature,

And the voice of love from the womb is the ultimate  
cry of survival.

In form they run the entire scale from prose recitation to pure lyric.

I have left Emery Pethro's *Of Bitter Grapes* to the last,



because I do not quite know what to say about it. Here are forty-one brief lyrics that have been chiseled from the stuff of a man's soul—and that is something this critic feels utterly unable to handle. Technically, the poems are diverse, precise, and as close as is humanly possible to the perfection striven for by the poet. They are utterly religious, strong, deep and packed with word and meaning. Definitely this is a book to be owned, to be read and savored and meditated upon. Much verse is being written today. *Of Bitter Grapes* is poetry.

ANNA BEATRICE MURPHY

HOUSE OF BREAD. By C. J. Eustace. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.25

A CONVERT'S story invariably makes interesting and very salutary reading for "born" Catholics. This is doubly true in the present case. Mr. Eustace's career as a writer of short stories and essays has stood him in good stead in his effort to "speak frankly, in a quite informal and friendly way" of his experiences and reflections before and since his conversion to the Catholic Faith. He succeeds admirably, and his book has all the charm and force of first-rate conversation; it is also replete with conversation's *sautes imprévues*, and these somehow manage to achieve an essential unity even greater than that of logical development.

His early years and education in England, the events which led to his reception into the Church in Canada and his thirteen full years of Catholic life are sincerely and unpretentiously recounted. He is addressing primarily "people of good will, not of the Faith," and for them he has compiled an intelligent and well evaluated reading list of the books which helped him at one stage or another of his spiritual pilgrimage. It is surprising that Lives of the Saints and other accounts of conversion are not found on this list.

Mr. Eustace is still a young man, and he definitely knows his generation. Catholics and non-Catholics will find much that is profitable in his book, and all of it eminently readable.

CHARLES F. DOLAN

WHAT OTHER ANSWER? By Dorothy Fremont Grant.

The Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.75

HERE is another convert book. But it is not an ordinary one, nor is Mrs. Grant an ordinary convert to Catholicism. She labels herself a "shouting Catholic," even after eight years in the Fold. As John Moody says in the preface to his niece's work, no two convert books are alike. Though the doctrines presented in the apologetics are necessarily the same, the mode of presentation and the people to whom this book is addressed are certainly not of the usual variety. Her delightful, vivacious shouting about her new-found religion is directed to Catholics and non-Catholics alike, for she spares neither.

As a wife, mother and writer, Mrs. Grant has given us a very feminine book and a very personal one. It is filled with womanly intuition, smart womanly dialog and many exclamation points and parentheses. But it is also militantly Catholic, with cleverly presented arguments for modern consumption, aimed at the "station-wagon set," but understandable by all. This new-style apologetics, though sometimes it appears to be laid in a rather artificial setting, is clear and convincing and all the more praiseworthy because it appears so spontaneous and unstudied. Sometimes, too, the author seems so filled with her subject that we have a strange—but always interesting—mélange of home-life, patriotism and religion.

We hope that Mrs. Grant will do more shouting and that such enjoyable apostolic cries will not fall on deaf ears.

E. J. FARREN

JOSEPH FICHTER is author of the life of another great Spaniard, Suarez, *Man of Spain*.

ANNA BEATRICE MURPHY contributes regularly to AMERICA's poetry page.

E. J. FARREN, of Woodstock College, did graduate work in education at St. Louis University.

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PEOPLE are showing considerable interest and curiosity in the one hundredth and second season of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and its new conductor Artur Rodzinski. It was last spring that several of the orchestra's players were released, and their chairs at Carnegie Hall filled with other men chosen by Mr. Rodzinski and the Philharmonic committee. The new conductor had led the Cleveland Orchestra, and was brought here to cure the ailing Philharmonic and to pull it back into top class—a place from which it was rapidly slipping. This is the second week of the new season, and much has already been written about the new broom and how clean it has swept the orchestra; but is this not jumping at a conclusion that should be saved for later judgment?

The playing of the Bartók violin concerto attracted an unusually large audience for a Sunday afternoon, as this concert is broadcast over the Columbia Network; this was as it should have been, for the concerto deserved this hearing. But first let us consider the reading Mr. Rodzinski gave Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony*. It is true that some are satisfied with a literal and accurate playing of the printed pages of this great work. There are others, and this reviewer belongs with them, who are convinced that they hear this symphony only when its spirit vibrates with vitality, when its divine spark burns as in an inspired performance. There was no life breathed into this reading, no poetry; and the attention given the rhythmic content overshadowed the thematic material. The entrances of the various instruments were bad because the beat was not definite, and some were not in tune. All of this must have been even more distinct to the great radio audience. The orchestra does not as yet sound any better, or as well as it did in former seasons.

The desire to help the unknown composer is always looked upon as a noble gesture, and Mr. Rodzinski has announced that he will hold three reading rehearsals of new manuscript scores from which compositions will be chosen for performance. He is also presenting seventeen new works by composers who were commissioned by the League of Composers to write a short work for orchestra commemorative of the present war. *Invasion* was the title of the first one that was heard on Sunday, and a very weak number it turned out to be. I fear it will not live after the present war even though Bernard Rogers of Rochester, who wrote it, said: "Its intention is to evoke an atmosphere and mood of anxious tension and foreboding—its introduction is of a dark character, followed by episodes of nervous and, finally, vigorous nature."

The crowning achievement of this program was the violin playing of the young concert master of the Cleveland Symphony, Tossy Spivakovsky, of the Bela Bartók Concerto for violin and orchestra, and the thoughtful reading given it by Mr. Rodzinski. This young artist came as a surprise; although he had given a New York recital in Carnegie Hall, many did not know his playing, the liquid quality of his tone, his great technique or his fine musicianship. He holds the violin-bow in a completely unorthodox way, a style peculiar to him, and shows remarkable virtuosity. It took Spivakovsky only two weeks to surmount the great rhythmical difficulties of the Bartók work. The vast public who does not understand it may, in twenty years, come to see its beauty and greatness.

Some, for want of understanding, liken this work to Shostakovich and to Sibelius. The latter comparison might be forgiven, but Bartók could not have been influenced by Shostakovich, who was only a child when Bartók was already a recognized composer.

ANNABEL COMFORT



# THEATRE

**ANOTHER LOVE STORY.** Roland Young is undoubtedly as sad these days as he looks in most of his photographs, and his gloom has a firm basis. For several years Mr. Young, who is one of our best light-comedy actors, has been trying to find what producers like to call "a good star vehicle," and success has eluded him. The latest experiment along these familiar lines is Frederick Lonsdale's new play, *Another Love Story*, produced by Louis Lotito at the Fulton Theatre with Margaret Lindsay as Mr. Young's co-star. I hope Mr. Young will forgive me for expressing my opinion that this effort is not only the weakest yet offered him, but that it is also a bit of work quite unworthy of its author and its star.

In the past Mr. Lonsdale has written some extremely clever comedies. Looking back on them now, it is hard to believe that the author could evolve anything so forced, so trite, so dull as *Another Love Story*. Mr. Young's uninterrupted depression in the play is undoubtedly the real thing. He cannot feel anything but depressed when he realizes the reactions of his friends in the audience.

For the new Lonsdale play is one of those saddest things in life—a stage comedy without humor. Even its gallant stars and company cannot keep it alive. Several times in its weary course Mr. Young's lines make him drop into a chair and wish audibly that he were dead. He undoubtedly and sincerely does wish just that at those moments.

There are in the Fulton, as always in comedy audiences, spectators who have come because they have been told the play is funny, and who laugh raucously when anyone gives them a cue. But cues for real laughs are few and very slow in coming, in *Another Love Story*. Mr. Young, star though he is supposed to be, has almost a minor role in the play. This should comfort him a bit, if he is philosophic. He does not have to appear in that deadly bedroom scene, for example, in which Miss Lindsay and Mr. Ober and the audience have such a sad and sorry time together. But he has a few real scenes and, as always, he rises gallantly to them.

The plot? If there is one, it has to do with several couples, all apparently having several love affairs. Even Mr. Young is simultaneously engaged to two girls, if you can imagine it. There are also Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Williams Browne, being visited by the lady's first husband, very humanly acted by Arthur Margetson. Mrs. Browne is admirably played by Doris Dalton when there is any real acting for her to do, which is not often. Michael Foxx (two x's, please) is the man in the bedroom with Miss Lindsay, and a bibulous butler is admirably played by Henry Mowbray. Augusta Dabney is an attractive young girl who has little to do and must be very glad of it. Philip Ober as the lover left me cold, probably because his part (which Mr. Lonsdale seems to admire) makes him seem the most unpleasant of several unpleasant characters in the play. But that, to be fair, is largely the author's fault.

**COMING PLAYS.** Several more plays, already announced, will be with us when these lines appear. The first excitement is Paul Robeson's debut as Othello, in which the admirers of the gifted Negro singer are vastly interested. Margaret Webster will direct the production at the Shubert Theatre. Closely following that opening, Michael Todd will offer us Gypsy Rose Lee's comedy, *The Naked Genius*, at the Plymouth. *Victory Belle*, which has been giving a series of previews to the armed forces, will open at the Mansfield on October 26; and Katherine Cornell and John C. Wilson are very busy over their coming production of *Lovers and Friends*, by "Dodie" Smith.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

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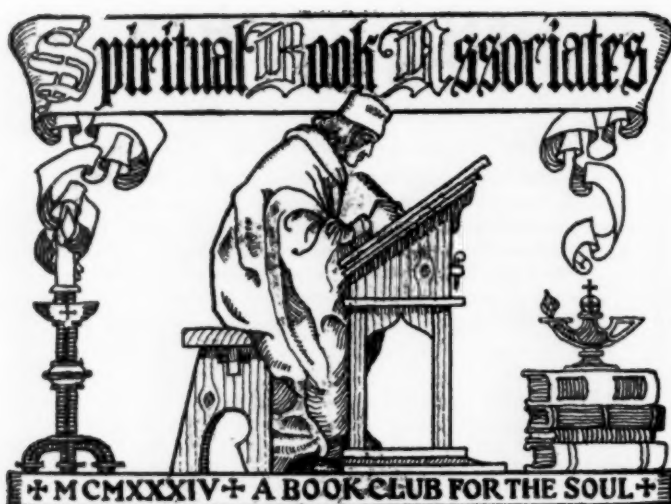
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## FILMS

**ADVENTURES IN IRAQ.** If pictures were rationed, no one would waste precious points on this week's lot for they are unimportant stuff, anemic in quality and they succeed only in awakening hopes for better things to come. Old-timers will not have too much trouble in recognizing the plot of this feature as a rehash of George Arliss' one-time vehicle, *The Green Goddess*. Though it has been brought more or less up to date by establishing the locale as Iraq and by the arrival of American bombers to secure the happy ending, this is just an out-and-out melodrama of the ten, twenty, thirty variety. According to the tale, a trio, including one Flying Tiger, a dissolute Englishman and his wife, are forced down in the desert while en route to Cairo. After some would-be hair-raising adventures they land at the door of the cultured local sheik. Things look bright, really too rosy, until they learn the truth, that the devil-worshipping natives intend to sacrifice them in retaliation for the execution by the British of the sheik's three Nazi-aiding brothers. Needless to say, the outlook is gloomy for a while, but before too long the American planes appear and the finale is tailored to suit ever the most ardent serial fan. Paul Cavanagh is the suave, Oxford-educated desert ruler, while Warren Douglas, John Loder and Ruth Ford have other important roles. They all over-act, but the mood of the story more or less demands it. Only adults who can take an overdose of preposterous goings-on should consider this picture. (Warner Brothers)

**DOUGHBOYS IN IRELAND.** Do not expect to come away from this film with any impressions of a dough-boy's life in Ireland; the location is purely coincidental and serves only as a suitable place for Kenny Baker to sing such songs as *Mother Machree*, *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling* and *My Wild Irish Rose* while he makes love to a colleen in a donkey-cart. As Johnny Doughboy, Mr. Baker carries the responsibilities of the whole production on his shoulders or, to be more accurate, in his throat, and his vocal interludes are the only redeeming moments in the mediocre affair. An Irish-American canteen provides the singer with many opportunities to sing, and besides the old favorites he introduces some new ones, including *All or Nothing At All*, a Hit-Parade leader. Jeff Donnell, as Molly Callahan, the Irish charmer, and Lynn Merrick, a scheming night-club entertainer, are rivals for the soldier's affections. The musical numbers are the only praiseworthy bits in this family offering. (Columbia)

**THE DANCING MASTERS.** That zany pair, Laurel and Hardy, are back again in a screwball affair typical of their kind of comedy. As owners of a dancing-school, the two face financial difficulties and, in an effort to collect some cash, they become involved with some crooked insurance agents and with the young inventor of a flame-thrower. The antics of the two clowns as they try to separate each other from an arm, a leg or a head in order to cash in on their policies may prove amusing to some moviegoers. The old familiar gags of the comics are present in abundance and will probably satisfy members of the family who are Laurel-and-Hardy fans. Trudy Marshall, Bob Bally and Allan Lane assist in the nonsense. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**MYSTERY BROADCAST.** Frank Albertson and Ruth Terry go through their paces in this would-be thriller where a girl radio detective nearly gets herself bumped off in trying to find the murderer in an unsolved real-life crime. *Grownups* will be only moderately mystified or entertained by the results. (Republic)

MARY SHERIDAN



# CORRESPONDENCE

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## SAVE THE CHILDREN

EDITOR: The appeal made by Mary June McCue ("American Catholic Women and the Feeding of Europe," *AMERICA*, August 28, 1943) is in line with my great desire to arouse Catholics to the importance of saving the orphans in the different countries as they are liberated. What a wonderful opportunity to save souls!

It is now that we should organize, collect money, clothing, food and have the personnel equipped for following the Army and to collect the children, especially in the countryside. In the Catholic countries, it will be easy to find housing for them, but there may be difficulty in other countries.

Also, we must now arrange to save food. Although Mr. Hoover has warned the public of the shortage of food to come, no attention is paid to his warning. People are making money and think that money is all that is necessary—but, unless there is forethought now, the food will not be there to be bought.

If we delay in organizing, the time lost cannot be made up.

Bethesda, Md.

ELLA H. MONTGOMERY

EDITOR: A postscript to my letter of September 25 (Feeding the Children).

I was pleased to find in the *Christian Science Monitor* for October 1, a letter which brings out the identical thought:

It does seem so important that food be sent now to the children of the occupied countries, when it would mean so much. We who are vitally interested in this plan rejoice that the Greek experiment, small as it was, has succeeded.

But what is holding up the efforts to feed also the starving children in other Axis-held countries? Many of us would gladly surrender blue and red ration stamps every week if that would release food to send.

Wouldn't we all be glad to do so!

Springfield, Mo.

MARTHA PRYOR WELSH

## AS OTHERS SEE US

EDITOR: Your correspondent's "Begin at Home" (Oct. 9 issue) persuades me to write at last what I was strongly tempted to on my first arrival in this country two years ago. I did not write it then because I was already aware that "color" is a very different problem in this country than it is in other countries where I had met it.

I came here from Malaya, a much-maligned country for which I did my fair share of maligning. When I first went there I was rather startled to find myself confessing to a man who was as black as your hat, and I had to take a firm grip on myself to remember that this man was a priest of God and not "just a damn wog." When I had settled down and got a bit adjusted, it became for me a matter of intense pride in my religion, which could so practise the doctrine of the equality of man before God that, in spite of racial prejudice and the ruling caste of white men, the priests and the congregations were of every color from sun-tanned European to the peculiar deep plum color of the Tamil; that alongside each other in the churches and at the Communion rail were officers and men of the British services, wealthy *Tuan Besars*, Chinese and Indians, the happy and well-organized Eurasian community (mostly Catholics of Portuguese ancestry), and the poorest of all races, barefooted, clad only in a *dhoti* and a frayed European shirt.

Then I arrived in Washington to find that the first Catholic Church I visited was "colored." I did not think it was up to me, a newcomer and a foreigner, to fly in the face of local prejudice and embarrass, as I supposed, the priests and the people, so I walked an extra half-dozen blocks to St. Matthew's. Now, after two years in Washington and vicinity, I have yet to see a colored person in the church which I attend or meet a colored priest.

One might argue that, in the city, the white and colored naturally gravitate to their own communities in the same way as other racial groups; but what of the villages in Virginia and Maryland whose one church serves a number of communities? Are there no colored Catholics? Or is it possible that colored people are made to feel unwelcome in a Church where the priest is white and the congregation predominantly so? If the latter is the case we have a terrible thing to answer for.

Washington, D. C.

STEPHEN DEACON

## THE "SCIENCE COUNSELOR"

EDITOR: I want to add my voice to the chorus of regrets that should be resounding throughout the Catholic educational world over the demise of *The Science Counselor*. This "death" is a matter of real concern to us librarians who have the responsibility of filling our library shelves with worthwhile books and periodicals. Unfortunately, the Catholic periodical, like the prophet, is very often without honor in its own country. This is a deplorable situation. It is one, moreover, deserving thought and action.

In these days of postwar planning, we who recognize the value, and even the necessity, of this phase of our Catholic educational program ought to devise a promotion scheme of some sort that will bring to teachers and librarians and all concerned a realization that there must be made available and there must be used in every department or with every course taught in the school a Catholic periodical, since through such a medium teachers and pupils can best keep abreast of the times with an interpretation that is, to quote Father Claridge in his letter of October 9, "free from false and flippant philosophies, some so derogatory and damaging . . . to our glorious heritage as members of the True Fold."

One of the first steps of such a promotion scheme might well be to include a study of the availability of Catholic periodicals in Catholic secondary-school libraries.

Washington, D. C.

S. S. M.

## BOUQUET

EDITOR: If I may use the phrase, Father Masse "rang the bell" twice in the issue of October 16. His forthright article on the necessity of unionization among farm laborers is one of the most plain-spoken, hard-hitting, common-sense things that I have ever seen in a Catholic magazine or newspaper. Ditto for the piece on "Manpower and Bureaucrats." I have been floundering about myself looking for the proper answer to the "cheap and wilful demagogues" who are continually attacking Federal Bureaucracy. Father Masse has hit upon the formula: feed them facts and make them eat them. More power to Father Masse and congratulations to *AMERICA* for giving such aggressive leadership these days in social and economic matters.

Washington, D. C.

(Rev.) GEORGE G. HIGGINS

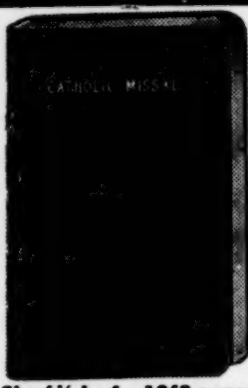
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## PARADE

A NATIONWIDE trend radiating embarrassment for policemen manifested itself during the week and caught the attention of sociologists. . . . Many guardians of the law had red faces. . . . In Newark, Del., someone stole the town's only police-car. . . . In Jacksonville, Fla., a police captain was involved in a traffic accident at the height of the city's safe-driving and safe-walking campaign. . . . In Poplar Bluff, Mo., the town police-car burned up while parked in front of the town fire-station. . . . A Los Angeles judge reported that a thief had forced the lock of his auto and stolen A and C ration cards while his car was standing right in front of a precinct police station. . . . Letter-carriers did not altogether escape unwanted situations. . . . A citizen in a rural South Carolina district purchased a money order with 2,500 pennies. The rural mail-carrier had to count the pennies. . . . A trend toward name-changing broke out on the Pacific Coast and diversified routine matters there. . . . In Seattle, a Mr. Botch, a technical engineer for an aircraft company, had his name changed to Kaye after convincing the judge that in his field of work the name Botch gave rise to innumerable catty remarks. . . . In Los Angeles, a citizen named Hans Spangenberg felt that Spangenberg did not sound too well and asked the court for the more harmonious name, Valcour Berne de Belair. . . . In both East and West tombstones captured newspaper attention. . . . In an Ipswich, Mass., graveyard appeared the epitaph: "My name is P. Foyle, I'm dead, 'tis true. Who was I? What was I? What's that to you?" . . . In Omaha, Neb., a furniture-store owner bought a 2,200-pound tombstone rejected by the original purchaser. The tombstone, with the name Carter chiseled on it in large letters, now stands in front of the furniture store, up for sale to anybody named Carter who happens along.

During the week, only one individual fell into soup. A second-class seaman in California dropped through a skylight into a large pot of cold bean-soup. He was uninjured, but soaking wet with soup. . . . Conversations between householders and burglars were reported. In Salt Lake City a citizen, awakened by an intruder, inquired: "What do you want?" "I'm looking for Mary," replied the robber, as he fled with sixty-five dollars from the citizen's pocket. . . . Misunderstandings arose. . . . A sergeant at the Fort Leavenworth reception center asked a lady: "Did the soldier you are looking for come to the center on a reserve status?" The lady replied: "I don't know how he arrived at the center but when he left Kansas City he was on a bus." . . . Very young children showed innocent initiative. . . . A six-year-old girl, standing with her family in a Kansas City railroad station, exclaimed: "Oh, mom, look at that man putting his hand in grandpa's pocket!" Bystanders held the pick-pocket until police arrived. . . . In Cedar Rapids, Ia., a three-year-old boy got out of the bathtub when his mother left him for a minute and ran out of the house in his birthday suit. He traversed block after block, as open-mouthed citizens, too startled to do anything about the situation, looked on. Finally, in the crowded business district, a boxing official halted the lad, jacketed him, brought him home, where his mother resumed the interrupted bath.

Older children showed initiative, too; but not the innocent kind. . . . The FBI reported an overall increase of sixteen per cent in 1942 juvenile-delinquency cases—and a nation-wide rise of 55.7 per cent in arrests of girls under twenty-one. . . . The results foreseen by many when religion was divorced from education are now becoming visible to all, if they will open their eyes.

JOHN A. TOOMEY



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